Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25TH 1828. [NUMBER 1986.

THE BOMBAY QUARTERLY
ARMY LIST.

THE Proprietor of the New Quarterly Army List has the pleasure to inform those Gentlemen at Out Stations who have favoured him with their Subscriptions that the Hon'ble the Governor in Council has been pleased to permit its transmission subject to the charge of SINGLE POSTAGE only.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

BOMBAY
Amateur Theatre.

THE Managers have the pleasure to announce, that on Monday the 30th instant, will be represented Morton's comedy of

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

To be succeeded by the popular farce of

NO DINNER YET!

Tickets and places, may be had at the Theatre on Saturday the 28th and Monday 30th instant.

Boxes,...8 Rupees.	Upper Boxes,. 4 Rupees.
Pit,.....6 do.	Gallery,.......2 do.

Doors to be opened at six, and the performance to commence at seven o'clock precisely.

N. B.—It is particularly requested that parties engaging seats will send their servants or peons at an early hour to take possession of them, in order to avoid confusion or disappointment.

No money taken at the doors.

Green Room, 20th June 1828.

Eduljee Cursetjee's Sons

HAVE the pleasure to inform their friends and the Public, that they have purchased part of the Investment brought out by Captain JOHN INNES of the H. C. Ship *Abercrombie Robinson*, consisting of the usual articles, among which are, Pale Ale from Hodgson, Abbott, Sims and Alsop, Cogniac Brandy, and Holland Gin, Claret, Port, Sherry, and Champaigne from Maxwell and Kays, Perry and Cider, Oilmans Stores, Salted Salmon, Red and Pickled Herrings, Smoked and Pickled Sheeps Tongues, Hams and Cheese, Hats and Military Appointments, from Bicknell and Moore consisting of Marine, and Navy Officers Rocked Hats, Patent Oil Skin forage Caps with and without Gold and Silver Tassels, Superfine Blue Cloth, and Seal Skin Forage Caps, Gold and Silver Box Apaulets, Gold and Silver Adjutant Straps, Black Patent Leather Waist Belts, Buff Leather Shoulder Belts and Sword knots, White Marcelle Hunting Belts. Gold Mounted Staff Officers Waist Belts, Black Silk Stocks, Staff, Kings, and Company's Officers Regulation Swords with extra Steel Scabbards, Patent Silk Oil Skin, Boot and Shoes, from Stunt, Confectionary from Hoffmann and other Grocery, Perfumery from Smyth and Nephew and Bristow, Saddlery and Whips, from Milroy and Simpson, Stationary, Fine Cutlery from Savigny, Mathematical Instruments from Dollond, Guns from Mortimer, Watches from McCabe, Superfine Cloth and Cassimere, Fine Flannel. Blankets, and Counterpains, Silk, Cotton, and Woolen Hoseiry, Gunpowder from Pegue, Day and Martins Blacking, Table Cutlery, Plated, Glass and Earthen Ware, Seedlitz and Soda Powder, Biscuits, Bird Cages, Fishing Tackles &c. &c.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

SECOND
Calcutta Lottery
OF 1828.

TICKETS in the above Lottery are for Sale at the Office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS, at Rs. 120 each.

Rampart Row, 25th June 1828.

THIS DAY.

WEDNESDAY the 25th Instant.

FRITH
Bomanjee & Co,

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

AT THEIR ROOMS

THE FOLLOWING GOODS.

VIZ.

FINE Blue and Grey, Broad CLOTHS, an assortment of Cotton Goods consisting of Long Cloths Madapollams, Scotch Cambrics, Mull and Jacconet Muslins, Chintzes, Cotton Handkerchiefs, Officers Dress Chakos untrimmed several articles of Plate and Plated ware, a few Bales of Anjengo Cloth, a quantity of Wearing Apparel, a Variety of Books, several Dozens Champagne, Hams, Cheeses, Pickled Herrings, Oilmans Stores and in prime condition for present use.

AND AT NOON

A Neat Bengal built half panneled, BUGGY and HARNESS, by Harrowell, and a PIANO FORTE by Wornum.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

On SATURDAY next the 28th INST.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

AS FOLLOWS.

A GREAT Variety of HARD WARE, consisting of Tea Trays and Waiters Safety and Sunumbra Lamps, Cash Boxes, Dressing cases Tea Kettles in Tin and Brass, Ink stand; Oilmans Stors of various Descriptions, Snuff, Champne, Hams and Cheese, Morocco Leather, Salled Oil, Salmon in Jars, a piece of Slightly Damaged Velvet.

AND AT TWELVE O'CLOCK,

Will be Sold by Auction, on account of those concerned Several Hhds of rejected Pale Ale from Sims.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

On SATURDAY next the 28th INST.

WILL BE SOLD

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

AT

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co's.

ROOMS,

UNLESS priviously disposed of, a valuable collection of OIL PAINTINGS, Granger, Nasmyth, W[redacted]her celebrated Masters, a variety of Prints with and without Frames, Books, &c. &c. &c. The sale to commence at 11 o'clock precisely.

Terms CASH, and the goods cleared immediately.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

On WEDNESDAY next the 2d July.

WILL BE PUT UP

FOR SALE

BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

AT NOON.

A SERVICABLE Town Built LANDAU with pair of HORSES and HARNESS complete, forming a desirable Equipage for a family, and at the same time a Neat STANHOPE and HARNESS.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

AN English, GELDING, Bay with Black Poits 6 year old. Also a high cast ARAB HORSE height 14" 1½ 5 year old and and has only been imported four months.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

AT

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co's.

A VERY superior pair of Detonating Duelling PISTOLS with hair triggers, spare apparatus complete, in a Mahogany Case, price Rupees 400

A very elegant highly finished double barrelled detonating GUN, with spare springs, nipples and apparatus complete, as above,..........Rs. 750

A ditto....ditto....ditto.." 450

The above are by Fray, of Liecester, and are deserving the attention of Sportsmen.

THEY HAVE ALSO FOR SALE.

"A very superior new single barrel percussion GUN by PARKER fitted complete in a Mahogany Case,..Rs. 350 with a great variety of new and second, hand, GUNS PISTOLS, RIFLES and by the best Makers."

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

SEVERAL pairs of Handsome four and six LIGHT LUSTER GIRANDOLES and mounted in Or Molu, of the latest patterns Prices moderate.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

A VERY neat STANHOPE and HARNESS in good repair with a steady Grey BUGGY HORSE, the above turn out is well deserving the attention of any Gentleman requiring one.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE received a variety of new publications in boards imported on the H. C. S. *Dunira*, among which are a revised Edition of Milburn's Oriental Commerce, a complete set of Sir W. Scott's Novels in boards, Memoirs of Lord Liverpool, Memoirs of Foreign Courts,—Clubs of London. Hannah Moores works handsomely bound 19 vols. and many other interesting works. Prices very moderate, to ensure a speedy sale.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co,

HAVE received several Plans and Views of the Thames Tunnel, with Books descriptive of the manner of excavating the same. They have also a great variety of elegant proofs and other Prints, among which are pictures of Sir Walter Scott, Sir H. Raeburn, Lord Hopetoun, General Hope, Flora Macdonald, Rebecca &c. &c. Also a great varity of the newest Caricatures. The whole of the above are to be sold at very low prices, as it is desirable the account should be closed.

Nesbit Lane, 25th June 1828.

A CARD.

THE Raffles for various valuable PRINTS advertised in the Courrer of the 31st May last, being now Completed, the same will be thrown for at FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO'S Room, To-morrow Thurday the 26th instant at noon.

June 25th 1828.

NOTICE.

IN consequence of the SPHYNX Newspaper being now published twice a week instead of weekly, its price is reduced to ½ Rupees, per No. from the commencement of that arrangement.

FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

Messrs. Forbes & Co.

A FEW six dozen Chests of very superior CLARET of the vintage of 1822, lately imported from Leith, from the respectable house of Bell, Rennie and Co., at Rs. 30 per dozen.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF THE

SUBSCRIBERS.

A CONSIGNMENT of Superior ST. JULIEN MEDOC and HAUT-BRION—CLARET—SAUTERNE and old Cogniac BRANDY, all in cases of 1 dozen each, now landing per *Buffon* from BORDEAUX, from the respectable House of PELLETREAN and SON at Rs. 15 per dozen.

Old London Particular MADEIRA, 3 years in India from PHELPS, PAGE and CO.

AT RS. 600 PER PIPE.

RITCHIE STEUART & CO.

Rampart Row, 16th June 1828.

SECOND
Calcatta Lottery
OF 1828.

TICKETS in the above Lottery are for Sale at the Office of Messrs. SHOTTON, MALCOLM AND CO. at Rupees 120 each.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

BROWN CANTENAC.

A FEW Cases of the above excellent and highly esteemed FRENCH CLARET just imported per Brig *Buffon*, from Bordeaux, for sale at 30 Rupees per dozen in cases of 6 dozen each, at the Godowns of Messrs. SHOTTON, MALCOLM AND CO.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

LOST.

FROM a House situate at Breach Candy, on the night of Tuesday the 17th instant, one mahogany DRESSING CASE, clamped with brass, with a patent Lock, one single BARRELLED GUN on the detonating principle, originally by JOSEPH MANTON and lately repaired by Ross, whose name it bears, contained in a mahogany case, ; likewise a small China black feather TRUNK, about 18 inches by 1 foot, containing papers, letters and other sundries.—Any person having found the above articles, or can give any information concerning the same, at the Police Office Centre Division, will be handsomely rewarded.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
To-morrow the 26th Instant.
TO CLOSE AN ACCOUNT,
FASHIONABLE
London Made Jewellery.

COMPRISING a fine gold fillagree and elastic worked Armlet, studded with Emeralds and Opals, the lock forming a St. Andrew's Cross.

A do. do. Studded with Chrysolites and Pink Topazes.

A large Antique Variegated Gold Cross studded with Emeralds.

A fine Gold Fillagree Garnet and Chrysolite Drop suite, containing Earrings, Brooch, and Falls.

Fine Gold Earrings studded with Rubies, Emeralds and Fillagree ornaments.

Fine Gold Finger Rings studded, with Rubies, Emeralds, Chrysolites, Opals, Topazes, &c. &c.

Embossed Silver Handled Penknives.

Fine Variegated Gold Thimbles.

Platina and Mosaic Silver and Gold Watch Guards &c. &c.

Meadows Street, 25th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION,
To-morrow the 26th Instant.

NEW PLATE consisting of large and small Salvers, Tea Urn, Sugar Pot, Curry Dishes, Bottle Stand, Glass and Tumbler Covers, &c.

Persian Giude, Shakepear's Hindostani Dictionary, Gelchrist Hindostani Philosophy Persian Arabic and English Vocabulary, Haten ta E. E. Persian Grammar &c.

AT ONE O'CLOCK.

A SERVICEABLE
BUGGY

Meadows Street, 25th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE,
ON COMMISSION.
MUTTON HAMS,
EACH Rs. 3
PICKLED HERRINGS
Rs. 5 PER KEG
JUST IMPORTED.

Meadows Street, 25th June 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE.
ON COMMISSION
A HIGH CAST
CHESNUT ARAB
SADDLE HORSE
PRICE Rs. 500.

Meadows Street, 25th June 1828.

Advertisement.

BICKNELL'S & MOORE'S HATS.

MANY Hats of very inferior quality having come to our hands (by parties returning from India) bearing our name stamped in them in the usual way, but certainly not of our Manufacture, we beg very respectfully to caution the Purchasers of investments against this imposition, which may be defeated by demanding our *regular printed invoice* at the time the book of investment is shewn for sale, to which invoice our certificate will henceforth be invariably attached.

The inferior Hats may Generally be detected by their softness and sponginess, as they are the long-napped waterproof Hats, which are exported in ignorance to India, and which in hot climates soon become brown and shapeless: whereas our regular, superfine Hats constantly retain their firmness and shape, and the close texture, which for so many years has rendered them the most desirable Hats sent to India.

BICKNELL AND MOORE.
London, 7th February 1828.

NOTICE.

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that MONSR. DUSSUMIER of the French Brig *Buffon*, next door to Messrs. GILDIR and DE SOUZA on the Bombay Green being about to depart hence has reduced the price of his best CHAMPAGNE preserved in sand to....Rs. 24 per Doz. as well as the price of CHINA WARE &c. &c.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

Advertisement,

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay that letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of JOHN STERLING deceased late a Lieutenant in the Military Service of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies on their Bombay Establishment may be granted to Martin West, Esquire Registrar, of the said Court all persons Concerned therein are hereby Apprized thereof; Dated this 24th day of June 1828.

H. E. SOUTHOUSE,
PROCTOR.

WHEREAS RAMCHUNDER JUGONNATHJEE, PANDOORUNG JUGONNATHJEE and BALCRUSTNA JUGONNATHJEE LADOOBOYE, Widow of JUGONNATH BABONJEE and MATHOORABOYE Widow of GUNGAJEE BABONJEE of Bombay Hindoos have Contracted to Mortgage their Dwelling House with all its ground appurtenances &c. &c. Situated without the Fort Walls of Bombay on the market Road and in the Neighbourhood of a House of one HURYCHUNDJEE CULLANSETT. Notice is hereby given to all and every persons having any claim or demand by way of Mortgage or inheritable right or otherwise to the said Property to make the same known in writing to RAGOBA WITTULSETT at JUGONNATHJEE SUNKERSETT'S within 14 days from the date hereof, otherwise they will be precluded therein,—dated this 24 day of June 1828.

જાહેર• ખબર *

શ્રી•મુમબઈનાં•હીં॰ દુ• રાંમચંનદર• જગંનાથજી • પાંડુરંગ• જગંનાથજી • બાલક્રસના•જગંનાથજી• લાડુબાઈ જગંનાથ•બાબંનજીની • વીધવા • તથા•મથુરાબાઈ•ગંગાજી•બાબંનજીની•વીધવાએ પોતાંનુ•ઘર ૧ બાહેરકોટ•મારકીટનાં• રસતા•ઉપરનુ હરીચંદર• કલાંણશેઠનાં• પડોશ• મધે છે * ખબર• હીઆંથી• આપીએછઈએ જે• સરવે• લોક•અગાર•લોકોનો•ગીરવી• દાવો•અગાર• વારસો• હોએ તો• તેમણી•આજદીન• ૧૪ ની•મુદતમી•લખીને• રાઘોબા• વીઠલ• શેઠને• જગંનાથજી •શંકર• શેઠને•તાંહાં• [illegible]રકરે• તારપછે•કોઈનો• દાવો• કબુલ•કરશેનહી *

For Passage to London,

THE FINE FIRST CLASS SHIP
SURRY,
OF 500 TONS,
CHARLES KEMP, COMMANDER,

HAS good accommodation for Passengers, Carries an experienced Surgeon, and will be dispatched for the above port early in August.

Apply at the Office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Rampart Row, 25th June 1828.

For Passage to London.

THE FINE NEW SHIP
ANNANDALE,
OF 350 TONS,
Capt. Steele,

HAS good accommodation for a few Passengers, and will be dispatched on the 12th July.

Apply to Capt. STEELE, at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

For Passage to London,

THE SHIP,
JULIA,
OF 350 TONS
D. Grant,
COMMANDER.

HAS Superior accommodation for passengers, and will be Dispatched, on the 20th proximo.

Apply to the COMMANDER, at the Office of Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

For Freight to London,

LIVERPOOL
OR THE
CLYDE,
THE FINE SHIP
DUNCAN GIBB,
OF 368 TONS
Capt. A. Hume.

Apply to Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay 25th June 1828.

Freight to London,

THE FINE BRITISH BUILT BRIG
RECOVERY, A. 1.
OF 204 TONS,
Robert Robertson,
COMMANDER.

WILL have an early dispatch. Apply to Messrs. ROBERT TAYLOR AND CO.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

For Freight or Passage,

TO MADRAS
THE BRIG
JOHANNA,
D. Laird,
COMMANDER.

WILL sail for the above port on or before the 6th July. Enquire of the COMMANDER on board or at the Office of Messrs. REMINGTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

Bombay, 25th June 1828.

For Freight to Madras

AND
CALCUTTA
THE SHIP
GALLOVEDIAN,
OF 500 TONS,
John Martin
COMMANDER.

Apply to Messrs. ADAM SKINNER AND CO.

Bombay [redacted] 1828.

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 16TH JUNE 1828.

No. 156 of 1828.—The following promotion is made.

2d Regiment of Light Cavalry.

Cornet C. F. Honner, to be Lieutenant vice Thuillier, deceased.—Date of rank 3d June 1828,

Bombay Castle, 17th June 1828.

No. 157 of 1828.—At the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief, an order by the Officer Commanding the Northern Districts of Guzerat, dated the 27th March 1828, appointing Captain Clibborn, of the 1st Grenadier Regiment N. I. to act as Interpreter to the Guzerat Provincial Battalion, is confirmed.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council
W. NEWNHAM,
Chief Secretary

EXCHANGE &c.

On London, at 6 months sight 1 | 9 a 1 | 9½.
Calcutta, at 30 days sight, buy 105½ sell 104½ per 100 Sas.
Madras, at 30 days sight, at 99 B'bay.

BAZAR VALUE OF COMPANY'S PAPER.

Remittable notes 134 Bombay Rs, per 0 | 0 Siccas
Unremittable do. 105 do. per 0 | 0 do.
Notes of the present 5 per Cent. Loan opened in Bengal on the 18th August 1825, selling at 105½ B'bay per 0 | 0 Siccas.

PRICES OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars	100 per 219 B'by Rs.
German Crowns	100 per 218 Ditto.

FREIGHTS.

To London....Per Ton £ 1-10
To China.....Per Candy. Rs. 28 to Rs. 30.

THE GAZETTE.

BOMBAY.

WEDNESDAY, 25TH JUNE 1828.

We have neither Arrivals or Departures to announce this week; the BOLIVAR Free Trader positively Sails for England on Friday.

We hear it positively asserted that the Hon'ble the Governor SIR JOHN MALCOLM proceeds this day to Poona;—it is, we believe his intention to make a considerable stay at that station, which in consequence will become all life and gaiety, from the cheering influence of his presence.

It is painful and distressing to our feelings to announce that the Cholera still rages in the Presidency, and which is to be attributed to the unusual want of Rain at this season of the year. The Weather continues fine with little or no appearance of a Monsoon, but at the same time excessively hot and depressing. The Accounts we have received from different out-stations, speak in the same way of the miserable effects that are likely to result from this total absence of rain.

The Courier of Saturday announced the intention of our Amateu[illegible] favor us with a Theatrical Perf[illegible] and which we see is confirmed by [illegible] of the Advertisement in our Pa[illegible] day. Morton's Comedy of "*The Way to get Married*" and a *Farce*, are the pr[illegible] Entertainments of the Evening; which [illegible] trust will each respectively, prove *Comical, and Farcical.* More we cannot say, b[illegible] unacquainted with the merits of [illegible] have again come forward with an [illegible] praiseworthy, as it is kind, that of making us laugh.

AT A MEETING OF THE [illegible] BRANCH OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON held on the 18th Instant, the following Gentlemen were unanimously elected Members of that Institution viz.

Capt. William Hende[illegible]
H. P. Saunders, Esq[illegible]
J. D. Nicol, Esq.
R. L. Leckie, Esq.
Lieut. R. Cogan,
Capt. John Ranken,
AND
Capt. T. H. Johnst[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] *Secretaries.*

BOMBAY, 20th June [illegible]

We understand [illegible] splendid dinner was given by the [illegible] SOCIETY at Lowjee Castle on the [illegible] the 18th Inst. The party assembled [illegible] occasion amounted to upwards of f[illegible] Members of the Society were all dist[illegible] some badge or ornament peculiar [illegible] Highlands, so that "Tartans waved i[illegible]" Justice having been done to [illegible] dinner, the following were amo[illegible] given from the chairs which w[illegible] ably filled by Major General Sir J[illegible]LCOLM, G. C. B. and Sir JOHN PETE[illegible]

"The King our C[illegible]"

"The Highland [illegible] London and Scotland."

"The Bombay B[illegible] Highland Society of London."

"The Hon'ble M[illegible] Elphinstone late President of the Soci[illegible]"

"The Duke of W[illegible] and the Heroes of Waterloo."

"The memory of [illegible] fell on the same glorious occasion,"

"The immortal [illegible] of Wallace and Bruce."

"The Land of Ca[illegible]"

"Chieftains of Cl[illegible]"

"Absent Member[illegible]"

"The Governor [illegible] and Presidencies of India."

"Lord Comberm[illegible] the Army in India."

"Admiral Gage a[illegible] Squadron in India."

To those who w[illegible], it is quite impossible to convey [illegible] adequate idea of the true Highland spi[illegible] great, eloquence,

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 28 June, 2017

which characterised the speeches of the President and Vice President; those who were present will not soon forget with what feelings of unmingled pleasure they listened to the Speeches in question, and we only further say that Bombay has long been a stranger to such specimens of eloquence as marked that night.

Neither was the Song forgotton.—"The Death of Abercrombie"—"In the Garb of old Gaul"—and many others were sung in excellent style, and added not a little to the hilarity of the Evening.

The party separated at "some wee short hour ayont the twal" in harmony and good fellowship.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.—Lieut. J. Lavie, M. H. Artillery.
Ensign J. Ramsay, 9th Regt. N. I.
Lieut. S. Stevins, 21st Regt.
Capt. A. T. Reid, 12th Regt.
Lieut. H. Forbes, 13th Regt N. I.
Lieut. M. M. Shaw, 9th Rt. N. I.
Lieut. W. Rowlins, 40th Rt. M. N. I.
Lieut. Stanton, Artillery.
Capt. Johnson, 13th Regt.
Lieut. Henry Stockley, 7th Regt.
Asst Surg. John Scott, 4th Lt. Dns.
DEPARTURES.—Lieut. T. R. Gordon. 25th Regt. N. I.
Capt. A. T. Reid, 12th Regt.
Lieut. Col. Gordon, 6th Regt.
Ensign R. J. Shaw, 9th Regt.
Lieut. M. M. Shaw, 9th Rt.
Ensign E. W. Goode, H. M. 14th Rt.
Asst. Surg. John Ross.

SHIPPING REPORTS.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.

NONE.—

DEPARTURES.

NONE.—

SHIPS LOADING.

Boliver for London; Admiral Benbow for London; Recovery for London; Julia for London; Anandale for London; H. C. Dunira for China; Edinburgh for China; Dutchess of Athol for China; Exmouth for China; Cumberland for China; John Adam, for Calcutta; Medina for Calcutta; Futtaysalam for Calcutta, and Sophie for Bordeaux.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

H. C. SHIPS.

Dunira; Edinburgh; Dutchess of Athol and Abercrombie Robinson.

FREE TRADERS.

Exmouth, Bolivar, Admiral Benbow, Gallovedian Annandale, Rising Star, Duncan Gibb, Mary, Surry, Recovery, Medina, Julia, and Ellen.

COUNTRY SHIPS.

Cumberland, Asia Felix, Oscar, Almeida, Ahmody, Johanna, Lady Caroline, and John Adam.

ARAB.

Moidinbux, Fatayalabad, Asadolbhar, Wootmany, Futtaysalum, Futaynasry, and Hamamshaw.

[illegible]NCH

Sophia, Buffoo, and Jean Pierre.

C. H. CRUIZERS

Coote, Fly, and Elphinstone.

[illegible]ADRAS

ARRIVALS.

JUNE 13.—Bark William, Captain [illegible]oung, from London 6th January, and St. Jago 25th February.

DEPARTURES.

JUNE 4.—Ship Sunbury, Captain G. Manning, for Calcutta.

7. Brig Macauley, Captain J. Aiken, for Pondicherry.

Do. Brig Diligent, Captain A. Gassier, for do

11 Ship Claudine, Captain G. Flinn, for Calcutta.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS

H. M. Ship Success, Captain J. F. Stoddart.
Ship Caroline, Captain J. Correya.
Ship Lady Holland, Captain T. Snell.
Bark William, Captain Young.
Bark Eliza Ann, Captain J. Poulson.

CALCUTTA.

ARRIVALS.

MAY 30. Ship Exporter, Richard Amitz, from Hamburgh 28th November and Deal 23d December.

31. Ship Governor Harcourt, W. Tallis, from London the 28th December, and Madras the 26th May.

— Ship Eliza, G. Cuthbertson, from Rangoon the 17th May.

JUNE 1. Bark Arethusa, J. Haly, from Rangoon the 17th May.

5. The English ship Bombay Merchant, Capt. D. Ovenstone, from China 8th April, Singapore, and Penang, 19th May.

The English ship Ann, Capt. B. Worthington, from China 8th April.

6. The Arab brig Fatle, Mobaruck, Captain Mohomed Khan, from Rangoon 14th May.

Passengers per Governor Harcourt, from London:—Mrs. Lindeman and two Children; Miss Smith; Miss Atkinson; Messrs. Buist, Coke, and McGregor, Cadets; Mr. Maxwell, Free Merchant; Mr. P. Lindeman, Undertaker; Mr. Loftus; Mr. Garret, Pilot Service.

Per Arethusa:—R Fleming, Esq.; Mr. Smart.

Per Bombay Merchant.—John Templeton, Esq.

Per Bark Ann, from China.—Richard Turner, Esq. Mrs. Turner and 3 Children; and Wm. McKay.—*From Malacca.*—Masters William and F. Baumgarten.

DEPARTURES.

MAY 29. H. C. Bark Brougham, W. Andrews, for Akyab.

30. H. C. Armed Brig Helen, J. J. R. Bowman, for Arracan Coast.

J[illegible] Ship Norfolk, G. J. Redman, for L[illegible]

[illegible] Ship Ann, Stephen, for the Eastward.

5. The English ship Arcturus, Capt. J. Bailie, for Bombay.

Passengers per Schooner Ann, Stephen, commander.—*For Singapore.*—Charles Noyes, Esq.

Per ship Norfolk, G. J. Redman, commander. For London.—The Reverend M. Adington; Mrs. Adington, and three Misters Adington; Mr. and Mrs. Richards and two children; Mr. A. Birrell; Mr. John Ogilvy; Mrs. Kelly; Miss Allsop; and Jane Thornton, European Servant.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.
BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.

NONE.

MARRIAGE.

At Bombay, on the 17th Instant, by the Reverend H. Davies, Mr. Augustus Summers, Apothecary H. M. Queen's Royals, to Miss Anne Hamilton.

DEATHS.

At 11 o'Clock on the night of the 23rd Instant, after a few hours severe attack of Spasmodic Cholera, Richard Orlando Bridgeman Esq. Advocate General at this Presidency, in the 30th year of his age.

Mr. Bridgeman had only been a few months resident on this Island, but short and transient as the time had been, it was fully sufficient to establish for him in this [illegible]ement, a sincere and just admiration of his private worth, and a clear anticipation of the professional eminence to which great talents aided by a strong and acute judgement and intense application would soon have raised him.

On Saturday, the 21st Instant, Louisa Anna Wesencroft, aged 10 years, the second daughter of Mr. W. Wesencroft. She was a most amiable and promising Child, and will long be regretted by her parents, sisters and friends.

MADARS.

BIRTHS.

In Moor-Street, Black-Town, on Thursday the 12th Instant, Mrs. Parr, of a Daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Mangalore, on the 30th May, John Vaughan, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service, to Catherine Matilda, eldest Daughter of John Babington, Esq. of the same Service.

At Bangalore, on the 12th May, by the Rev. W. Malkin, Lieut. J. W. Strettell, 1st Regt. Light Cavalry, to Catherine, youngest Daughter of the late Thomas Annesley Browne, Esq. late of Madras and of Murlah, North of Ireland.

At Quilon, on the 30th May, by the Rev. F. Spring, Lieutenant and Adjutant J. A. Russell, 51st Regiment, to Miss J. F. Reynolds.

At Belgaum, on the 21st May, by the Rev. P. Stewart, School Master Serjeant Edward Price, of H. M. 41st Regiment, to Mrs. Charlotte Southgate.

DEATHS.

At Pondicherry, on the 4th of June, after a short illness, Marie Octavie, relict of the late General de Tonffreville, by whose death that Colony was deprived of one of its principal and most respectable Inhabitants.

On the 1st Instant, Rosa Sarah, the Infant Daughter of John Carnac Morris, Esq. of the Civil Service, aged 4 months and 12 days.

On the 6th Instant, the Infant Daughter of F. F. Clementson, Esq.

At Cuddapah, on the night of the 7th Inst. Thomas Stewart, Eqs. Zillah Surgeon of that Station, deservedly and sincerely regrated.

CALCUTTA.

BIRTHS.

At Cawnpore, on Tuesday, the 22d May, Mrs. Chas. Greenway, of a son.

At the Insane Hospital, Calcutta, on the 26th May, Mrs. Peters, of a son.

At Calcutta, on the 31st May, the wife of Mr James Williams, Assistant to Messrs. Mackintosh and Co. of a son.

At Jessore, on the 31st of May, the lady of George Henry Smith, Esq. of the Civil Service, of a daughter.

At Calcutta, on Monday, the 2d June, the wife of Mr. A. Morton, Chief Officer of the Honorable Company's Steam Vessel Enterprise, of a daughter.

At Calcutta, on the 25th May, the Lady of Mr. W. S. Blackburn, of a Son.

At Calcutta, on Friday, the 30th May, Mrs. J. Harris, of a Daughther.

At Sealdah, the Lady of R. Graham, Esq. of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

At Calcutta, on the 31st May, at the Cathedral, by the Venerable Archdeacon Corrie, Thomas Ferguson, Esq. to Ann, relict of the late Colonel Commandant William Thomas, of the Bengal Army.

At Calcutta, on the 2d June, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend W. Hovenden, William Boyd Kerr, Esq. of Prince of Wales' Island, Merchant, to Miss Catherine Moore, of Calcutta.

At Calcutta, on the 2d June, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend J. R. Henderson, Junior Presidency Chaplain, William Graham, Esq. M. D. to Mrs. Emma Keating.

DEATHS.

At Calcutta, on Monday, the 26th May, of Cholera, Mr. Manuel Nabriga, Up-Country Trader, leaving a Widow to deplore his irreparable loss, aged 45 years.

At Calcutta, on the 29th May, Mrs. Bridget D'Rozario, Wife of Mr. D'Rozario, Printer, aged 33 years.

At Calcutta, on the 30th May, Miss Elizabeth Bails, Daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Bails, aged 4 years and 5 months.

At Calcutta, on the 31st May, on board the Schooner Waterloo, off Diamond Harbour, Mr. Joseph Harwood, Register of the Military Board, Commissariat Department, aged 48 years:—leaving a Widow and five Children, entirely destitute, to lament his irreparable loss.

At Calcutta, on the 28th May, Mrs. Catherine Jackson, aged 42 years.

At Calcutta, on the 29th May, of Cholera, Master Gilbert Scott, Son of Gilbert Scott. Esq aged 1 year, 8 months and 16th days.

At Calcutta, on Saturday, the 31st May, Mrs. Elizabeth Jahans, Junior, aged 24 years, 8 months and 15th dads, sincerely and most deservedly regretted by a large circle of relations and friends.

At Calcutta, on the 26th May, Joseph Henry Bowers, Son of Mr. Joseph Bowers, aged 10 months and 13 days.

At Calcutta, on the 2d June, Mr. William Hutchinson, Assistant in the Treasury, aged 29 years.

At Dum-Dum, on Tuesday, the 27th May, Serjeant W. Butler, aged 50 years.

At the Insane Hospital, Calcutta, on the 30th May, Mr. Peters aged 23 years.

At Fort William, on the 30th May, after a few hours illness, Lieutenant W. S. Marley, His Majesty's 59th Regiment; sincerely regretted by his brother Officers.

At Calcutta, on the 3d June, John Lucas Esq., a Greek Merchant; aged 70 years.

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

Wednesday, June 11.

Six per Cent, Bengal Remittable Loan.

At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees........28½ *Premium*.
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rs. 26½ *Premium*

Five per Cent, Bengal Unremittable Loan.

At the Rate of Subscription, viz.
350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees ½ *Discount*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz.
106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees 1½ *Discount*

"Letters from the Isle of France mention that Sir HUDSON LOWE had been very badly received by the Inhabitants on his casual visit to the Island on his way home. This conduct was not confined to *neglect*, but the General was publicly insulted on his way from the Government House to Port Louis. A Government Order severely rebuking the Inhabitants for this untoward display of political feeling was accordingly issued."—*Madras Courier*.

43d Government Lottery.

SIXTH DAY'S DRAWING OF THE SECOND CLASS

Wednesday, the 4th June, 1828.

Nos. 334 898 2450 4681 4787 Prizes of 500 Rupees each.

Nos. 76 116 208 362 402 695 709 760
1672 1809 2252 2410 2518 2975 3168 3288
3799 3986 4055 4465 4537 4615 4616 4841
4879 Prizes of 200 Rupees each.

Prizes of 130 Rupees each.

47 132 135 164 253 315 324 329
341 363 401 610 655 721 752 825
852 866 873 921 988 1107 1168 1181
1205 1219 1261 1288 1292 1350 1374 1431
1524 1526 1565 1625 1638 1702 1707 1710
1728 1744 1815 1855 1897 1915 1949 2047
2059 2029 2172 2242 2312 2345 2361 2451
2499 2505 2539 2553 2557 2577 2584 2672
2763 2836 2907 2966 2971 3009 3011 3041
3087 3200 3284 3336 3348 3365 3518 3469
3511 3624 3643 3711 3752 3812 3900 3917
3964 4059 4083 4096 4167 4213 5218 4271
4335 4359 4481 4496 4536 4566 4591 5620
4825 4856 4861 4929 4934 4963

SEVENTH DAY'S DRAWING OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Friday, the 6th June, 1828.

No. 3428 a Prize of 6,000 Rupees.
No. 247 a Prize of 2,000 Rupees.
Nos. 2180 3524 Prizes of 1,000 Rs. each.
Nos. 2757 3935 Prizes of 600 Rupees each.
Nos. 188 400 505 531 [illegible] [illegible] 1002
1176 1245 1364 1764 1883 2320 [illegible] 2478
2530 2898 3028 3068 3084 3162 3282 3329
3369 3982 4061 4087 4[illegible]54 4332 4374 prizes of 200 Rupees each.

Prizes of 130 Rupees each.

9 15 103 123 158 186 192 203
321 509 516 535 585 637 699 702
750 757 845 857 865 946 1016 1152
1192 1250 1319 1367 1420 1462 1555 1581
1607 1727 1791 1805 1813 1843 1860 1903
1947 2000 2034 2061 2106 2128 2256 2272
2277 2422 2448 2461 1469 2598 2636 2749
2819 2962 2977 3117 3124 3153 3153 3156
3158 3201 3206 3207 3270 3296 3328 3368
3400 3433 3499 3596 3633 3664 3691 3733
3744 3758 3775 3811 3874 4151 4157 4207
4249 4257 4328 4373 4418 4510 4592 4607
4651 4665 4695 4698 4772 4781 4789 4810

EIGHTH DAY'S DRAWING OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Monday, the 9th June, 1828.

Nos, 2199 2826 Prizes of 1,000 Rs. each.
Nos. 4119 4792 Prizes of 500 Rupees each.
Nos. 50 215 226 319 555 737 740 914
1314 1746 1758 1802 1875 2488 2662 2715
2810 3050 3471 3627 3694 3702 3734 3796
3937 4524 4564 4953 Prizes of 200 Rupees each.

Prizes of 130 Rupees each.

35 91 109 172 204 219 277 280
314 404 412 448 491 500 549 609
825 827 843 889 893 924 1026 1092
1239 1325 1359 1432 1450 1500 1518 1539
1582 1622 1665 1675 1715 1747 1893 1894
1895 1924 1945 1980 2024 2052 2057 2091
2137 2147 2188 2257 2276 2295 2302 2305
2309 2405 2522 2559 2665 2667 2681 2800
2827 2834 2858 2882 2893 2894 2928 2967
2984 3065 3123 3179 3193 3311 3629 3657
3669 3684 3708 3721 3727 3782 3851 3862
3881 3906 4079 4121 4128 4180 4290 4354
4407 4414 4433 4440 4461 4505 4561 4732
4763 4769 4779 4857 4915 4937

Calcutta.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY.	JUNE 4, 1828.	SELL
Prem.		Prem.
26 0	Remittable	25 0
Disct. 4	Old 5 per Cent. Loan,.....	0 8 Disct.
Prem. 2	New ditto ditto............	2 Disct.
5500 0	Bank of Bengal Share	5300 0 Prem

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Private Bills	6 0
Ditto on Government Bills and Salary Bills.	4 0
Interest on Loans on Deposit..............	5 0

COURSE OF EXCHANGE

BUY.	CALCUTTA.	SELL
1 10⅝	On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. R ..	1 11

PRICES OF BULLION.

Dollars............	per 100 Rupees...	207-4 206 12
Sovereigns..............	each.......	11 4
Guineas	ditto........	11 0
Old Goldmohurs...........	ditto.....	18 12
New Ditto................	ditto.......	17 0

CIVIL APPOINTMENT.

JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT.

The 29th May, 1828.

Mr. J. B. Elliott, Senior Judge of the Provincial Courts of Appeal and Circuit for the Division of Dacca.

Mr. W. Lambert, Third Judge of the Provincial Courts of Appeal and Circuit for the Division of Patna.

Mr. Js. [illegible] Harrington, Fourth Judge of ditto ditto ditto.

Mr. R. P. Nisbet, Judge and Magistrate of Bhaugulpore.

Mr. N. Smith, Judge and Magistrate of Rungpore.

Mr. H. M. Elliot, Assistant to the Magistrate and to the Collector of Bareily.

THE FOLLOWING ARE GENERAL ORDERS ISSUED TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN INDIA.

Head Quarters, Camp Simla, 9th May. 1828.

No. 233 GENERAL ORDERS.

Captain Bower, of the 48th Foot, will do duty with the 31st Regiment at Meerut, untill the 1st July next, when he will proceed to join his Corps with the least possible delay.

The Leave of Absence granted on Medical Certificate, by his Excellency Lieutenant General Sir G. T. Walker, to Captain Hawkins, 89th, and Assistant Surgeon Fitzgerald, 48th Regiments, the former for Six Months to proceed to Sea and the latter to England for Two Years, each from date of embarkation, is confirmed.

Division Orders by Major General Pine, under date the 18th ultimo, granting Leave of Absence to Ensign Wise, and Assistant Surgeon Teevan 47th Regiment, from the 16th

April to the 31st May respectively, to proceed to the Presidency on Medical Certificate preparatory to submitting an application for Leave to England are confirmed.

The undermentioned Officer has Leave of Absence: 89th Foot—Lieutenant GRAY, to England for Two Years, from date of embarkation, on urgent private affairs.

By Order of the Commander in Chief,
WILLOUGHBY COTTON,
Adjt. Genl. of H. M. Forces in India.

The Marquess GRAHAM and Lord ASHLEY are the new Commissioners for India affairs, in the room of Sir JAMES MACDONALD and the *Right Honourable* Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH.—*India Gazette, June 5th.*

English Extracts.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS
OR
SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THIRD SERIES.

COUSIN WILLIAM.

(Continued)

CHAPTER II.

What dreadful havoc in the human heart
The passions make when unconfined, and mad,
They burst unguided by the mental eye,
The light of reason.

THOMSON.

THE longest and the saddest night will have an end; and morning beamed in all its summer brightness upon poor Caroline. She felt but little refreshed by her fitful slumbers, and it was with pain and sorrow she replied to the thousand questions of her mother-in-law, touching her bodily health; for her heart was full, and tears followed every effort to speak.

Mrs. Crosby very shortly concluded, that Caroline had caught cold; and her father actually took the trouble to prepare a large exhibition of Whitehead's essence of mustard, wherewith to rub those parts of her body which might be suffering from rheumatism.

Caroline's first inquiry of her maid was after William; the answer she received was equivocal, and given with embarrasment, which in fact arose from a doubt on the of Davis whether her young mistress was yet sufficiently strong, to warrant the delivery to her, of a letter left for her by her cousin.

He was gone—after enquiring solicitously about her—and finding that she still slumbered, he took leave of his uncle and aunt, and proceeded to London.

The letter, which he had deposited in the hands of Davis, with an injuction to give it to Caroline when she considered her well enough to read it, that assiduous aid-de-camp presented after some little hesitation, which only increased the anxiety of the poor girl. At length, however, it rested in her trembling hand, and with her eyes swimming in tears, she broke the seal and read the following lines:—

"Years have passed, dearest Caroline, since our acquaintance commenced; the diffirence in our ages, (now perfectly inconsequential,) when we first met, placed us in different spheres of society, and for years I regarded you as the child of my affection, the young sister of my heart.

"In the common-place attachments of life, when either passion or (which as frequently happens) expediency and policy bring two persons in contact, the object of whose perpetual association is unequivocal; they act as it were upon principle, are systematic in the progress of their connection, and acceptance or rejection terminates the feverish career.

"In such cases, to tamper with the feelings of a young and ardent creature would be the height of cruelty and wickedness; but there *do* arise, even with best intentions, circumstances to break such connections, after they have long existed; and when prudence issues the mandate of separation, worldly people are bound to make it. True it is, the pang thrills sharply through the heart when the link is severed, but time and the natural elasticity of the mind soften the anguish, and the happiness once enjoyed with the idol of the heart, is remembered with a pleasurable sorrow, not altogether unresembling that, with which we recur to virtues and accomplishments buried in the sleep of death.

"But different, dreadfully different is it, sweet Caroline, where constant association, accordance of taste, sympathy of feeling, and disinterested affection, have blended as it were two hearts and minds in one; where one spirit seems to animate both beings; where the absolute devotion of either to the other's interests, and the tenderest solicitude for the other's happiness, regulates the conduct of the two, and where of all this commixture of sentiments, Love, in its gross and worldly sense, forms no ostensibly component part.

"The separation of two beings thus situated, is worse than death—for in that very separation truth bursts upon the mind, and all the feelings which both hearts have nurtured, combine to form the purest, strongest, and most ardent passion mortal breast can cherish.

"That passion, Caroline, I feel for YOU. Frown not, sweet innocent, at such a declaration at the moment in which I am forced by cruel destiny to part with you for ever—had any human being told me yesterday, that you were the idol of my soul, that, in *you* alone existed all my hopes of earthly happiness, I should have laughed at the supposition.

"It is not while we possess delights that we justly appreciate them—I acceded to the only measure which could rescue my father and myself from ruin; I consented to become the husband of lady—Anne, without placing *you* in the opposite scale—I thought all that I felt for you was the attachment of relationship; I thought I could love you as a sister; that I might innocently enjoy your society as the friend and companion of my wife—but no—last night developed to me the real state of my heart, the real character of my passion for you. A thousand times have I caressed you, dearest—a thousand times kissed your white forehead, and twined those jetty curls about my fingers; gazed on your bright eyes, and conjured up visions of happiness for you in after life, without a selfish feeling;—but the test has been tried—the ardour, the warmth, the innocence of your confession last night—the pang of surrendering you eternally—the horrid prospect of my future career, with a woman always indifferent to me, but now positively hateful—all, all have discovered the fatal truth—the kiss—the parting kiss I printed on your lips—how different in character and feeling from those of other days,—definitively sealed our separation,—your lips, too, trembled—your heart beat—this was not so before. Thank God, my sweetest child, we have nothing to reproach ourselves with—but we must not meet again—you are sleeping they tell me—another interview will but renew the dreadful agitation of last night—it is useless—you half asked me the question, to which I am doomed to reply—at the end of the present month, the hateful ceremony, which robs me of you for ever, is to take place.

"Even now, I would break through all the established forms of society, even now subject myself to the contempt of the world, the hatred of the Sewards, and the wrath of my father, could I by doing so, secure you eternally, without endangering your happiness or respectability;—but circumstanced as I am, a marriage with *me* would be ruinous for you—and should I, to gratify the fondest wishes of my heart, the ruling passion of my soul, subject my sweet Caroline to embarrassments, distress—no forbid it Heaven!

"One thing, dearest, I am going to ask,—if for a moment it seem wrong to your genuine mind, refuse me—I am aware there is a delicacy,—a difficulty in it—that locket, the shrine of that precious relic once bestowed by my fond and affectionate Caroline, and placed round the neck of her poor cousin William, in the cloudless days of uncontrouled affection, is again in your possession—it was right I should surrender it—at least I thought so—yet during the night I have considered, that retaining it in the spirit in which it was first given, cannot be objectionable, even to the most scrupulous. Think of this—act exactly as you please—judge for yourself, and I shall be satisfied—it would be a consolation to me to possess it—I know I need say no more.

"Should you consent to restore it, let me receive it in London—but again I entreat you, deny me this grace, if it seem the least improper or unreasonable.

"And now, beloved girl, that I have sacrificed for *your* sake the opportunity of bidding you farewell, let me implore you for *mine* to be calm—compose yourself, and think of me as I shall never cease to think of you; but pray, pray be careful of your health—I have seen enough of your feelings to know their strength. Remember, sweet love, you live for others—that you make the happiness of your excellent father, that you are destined to bless some future husband, and to ornament society with your virtues and accomplishments. I would suggest your not mentioning this declaration of my feelings, into which I have been so strangely driven, to your mother-in-law, for reasons which I will hereafter explain to you—to your dear father such a disclosure might give even more pain; however, your own good sense, uncorrupted by worldly counsel, will dictate to you the proper line to pursue; and I repeat, whatever your decision is, with regard to the favour I ask, I shall be satisfied.

"Adieu once more, dearest Caroline; and believe me as I ever must me,

"Devotedly and affectionately yours,
"WILLIAM."

The letter dropped from her hand, and she sank back on her pillow senseless.

Davis, who was at hand, and had anticipated the result of its perusal, applied herself speedily to the restoration of her young mistress; and with all the prudence and foresight so essentially necessary, and so highly characteristic of her peculiar calling, after having hastily skimmed the contents of the letter herself, thrust it under the pillow, just as Mrs. Crosby entered the room, to inquire the cause of the bustle.

"My young lady has collapsed, ma'am," said Davis.

"Collapsed," said Mrs. Crosby, with an expression of indignation, at the missapplication of the term. "Is she still hot?"

"Yes, ma'am, very hot," said Davis.

"Feverish in a high degree," said Mrs. Crosby. "More James's powders, and more white wine whey."

"I don't think those sort of things will be of much use," said Davis.

"And pray, Davis," said the offended prescriber, "what sort of things do *you* recommend?"

"Why, ma'am' I don't pretend [illegible] recommend, but—"

"But what?" inquired Mrs. Crosby, who having no mind of her own, imagined all ills to be bodily.

"I think Miss is sorry at losing Mr. William," said Davis.

"Stuff—Davis, how can you talk such nonsense?" said her mistress. "How should sorrow give a pain in the side, or make any body feverish?—Doctor Buchan certainly speaks of grief as a passion which may hurt the health, if long persisted in."

"What does the doctor recommend for love?" said Davis, more appositely than she perhaps, anticipated.

"You have been reading the book I suspect, Davis," said Mrs. Crosby; "but I desire you will not be so free with your questions. If Mr. Morley's departure have any thing to do with Miss Crosby's illness, I am sorry the poor child cannot have the remedy the doctor prescribes in his work; but I have no faith in such nonsense."

Caroline, who was conscious, by the incessant noise that her cold, tall, and gaunt mother-in-law was in the room, raised her head, and instinctively streched out her hand for William's letter, and beholding Mrs. Crosby so near her, started up, and looked widly round her.

"Is he gone, ma'am?" said she.

"Who, my dear?" said Mrs. Crosby.

"William," replied Caroline.

"Yes," said Mrs. Crosby; "he left us early this morning."

"Then 'tis no dream," sighed the poor girl, and again hiding her burning [illegible] in her pillow burst into tears.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. Crosby, "this looks strange."

"Strange," said Davis. "I don't know, ma'am, what strangeness there may be in it; but this *I* know, that if I had been Miss Caroline, and Mr. William had been always with *me*, I—"

"You would have had a pain in your side, and a fever, too, and a tooth-ache besides, most probably,"—interrupted her mistress. "I desire I may hear no more of this sort of stuff. Caroline, dear," continued the affectionate gorgon, "have a little hartshorn and water, and a little eau de Cologne to your temples, my love, and let your papa bleed you, my dear."

"Oh no," said Caroline, still instinctively glancing her eyes around, to ascertain whether William's dreadful letter were a reality or not, and whether, if it were, it were in the possession of her mother-in-law—for, for the first time, the ingenuous girl felt anxious to conceal it from one, who had heretofore been the venerable receptacle of all her secrets. "I shall be so much better soon—I *am* so much better—I should like to leave my bed—I should like to dress."

"That's right, Caty," said Mrs. Crosby. "exert yourself—you have no pains in your shoulders—no stiff neck, eh?"

"None, ma'am, none, indeed indeed I am better—I am quite well," said the poor girl, with an air of gaiety which terrified Davis and delighted her mistress.

"Dress her," said Mrs. Crosby to the soubrette; "and come, dearest, to your father, who will be charmed to see you—he, poor dear soul, has had what I take to be a slight *touch of palsy* during the night—I don't know exactly, but I know that loss of memory is one of the worst symptoms, and it was present, for he actually forgot whether he had wound up his watch when he went to bed or not; and soon after that, his left leg felt as cold as ice—so I instantly got up and popped a blistering plister on the place, and gave him a pint and a half of hot mustard whey, with a plateful of horseradish scraped into it, Benjamin has been ever since ten o'clock brushing him with the double-hard flesh-brush. If he is not much better before the servants' dinner time, I'll do exactly as Buchan orders—I'll have his leg rubbed with stinging nettles, and electrify him myself in the course of the afternoon."

"Poor dear papa," said [redacted]
must suffer."
"All for his good, m
Crosby; "and he is much
—you will be delighted
haste and come to us—c
most desirable for you, so
And, with this recomm
of scene, from her ow
of her father, darkened
ing to rule, Mrs. Crosby q
in law. She had scarcel
when the hitherto gent
Caroline, almost shriek
letter, Davis? where"—
"Here, Miss, here,"
for to such in one mome
servant changed.
"I *must* write to him,"
ing aloud, almost uncon
have the locket.—Poor
And here again she
covered her eyes with
convulsively against her
ed it fervently.
"I must not tell you
vis.
"All what?" said C
by turns; and tremblin
had made to Davis.

"Mr. William—"

"Well! when did he go?"

"Two hours since."

"Why, why did he not see me before he went?" said Caroline. "I could have borne to part with him."

"He *did* see you," said Davis, who in truth was half afraid of exciting her mistress's anger, or perhaps of giving her delicacy the alarm too suddenly.

"See me!" said Caroline.

"Yes, Miss, you must not be cross with me," said Davis: "he stole to the door, and gave me the letter for you; I told him you were asleep; and with tears in his eyes, dear gentleman, he implored me to let him take one parting look;—the last—he said, Miss; and so I—"

"Was he here—here?" said the poor girl, half-dreading, half-wishing that he might have been.

"There's a ring," said Davis, "which he left; but you were sound asleep, and——"

There was a sudden pause in the dialogue; Caroline stood on a precipice; she saw that her maid was not only aware of the interest *she* took in William, but was interested in his favour herself. She had no mother—no friend—it is only to woman, that woman can confide such feelings; nature triumphed, and in an agony of despair and abandonment, she caught Davis by the hand.

AT THAT MOMENT SHE PASSED THE RUBICON

She confessed her devotion to a lover, to her menial servant; a devotion to the lover, too, who had in fact rejected her; a devotion to the libertine, who basely held possession of her heart, while plighting his faith to another at the altar.

Those who have read, and by any chance remember enough of a former tale of this collection, to recollect Fanny Rodney, will perhaps see in the incident now before them, a powerful contrast in *her* conduct, to that of Caroline Crosby upon occasions of a somewhat similar nature: the girls were abstractedly equally good, equally amiable, and equally innocent, nor were their disadvantages touching the influence of maternity, widely different; but in the one case the mind had been trained, passions regulated, and the principles formed by religious instruction and mortal example: in th[illegible]ERY that, which we are now consider[illegible] system had been adopted, no course marked out: Caroline's parent and vice-parent were, or fancied themselves wretched invalids; they conceived that their bodies [illegible]ired—their exclusive care Buchan was their bible, and their days and nights were passed in quoting him and quacking *them*.

If th[illegible]n sh [redacted]
thro[illegible]he grou
of [illegible] heat; if i
[illegible] wetting, w
it were cold, her
resembled an icebe
expose her frail fra

the weather. In short, from some cause or other, Caroline was left to act for herself throughout the day. At night the sick couple would creep to bed at sunset, and the poor girl, driven to all sorts of devices for amusement, imbibed, through the medium of poets and novelists, not of the best class, co [redacted] ght and wrong
a thousand w
ures, of love,
and of romanc
ind was thus
prepared, he
used to pay
those periodic
which had
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In opposition
t fancies of
the ardent girl,
talent, wild
as it was, and
strained as it
might be, what
dullest house
in Christendom
was never
broken, excep
the heavy

(Contin ent)

BOMBAY.—PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS*, AT THE GAZETTE PRESS, No. 10, MILITARY SQUARE, BY TH
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TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25TH 1828.

illiam, would, in other and higher ave been considered, to say the least generous.

nister for such a monarch, such a a mistress, and what was to be independently of the course of ch such a course of reading as is's would induce, independently aterial upon which sentiment was (gold embroidery upon a frieze ndependently, of the debasement of ciples, and the mere *humanity* of her there existed in the composition of that formidable desire, which all nen feel, of making others as bad selves.

disarm a superior of the power of n—to bring the whole force of a *tu* to bear upon those whose authority to influence and command—in short, similate others with themselves, is one e great objects which such personages liss Davis have constantly in view; and should not be forgotten, that she had already succeeded in one short hour, in inducing her young mistress to receive a letter clandestinely from an avowed lover, actually under a matrimonial engagement to another woman; to accept a pledge of affection from that lover, and to hear with pleasure a detail of how he had stolen to her bed-side while she slept, and printed a kiss upon her rosy lips.

From that
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ing more hideous than ever did the figure head of the Fury Bomb; "I cannot think how you *can* talk so—you who formerly were so particular."

"Formerly, my dear; I don't recollect," said Crosby, somewhat archly for *him*.

"Don't you, indeed," exclaimed the lady; "another lapse—do you know the day of the week, my dear?"

"Yes," said Crosby, "Friday to be sure."

"Thank God," said she. "I was afraid I should have had to send for Benjamin and the stinging nettles, it appeared so like a relapse."

"My dear Mrs. Crosby," continued the invalid, "whenever I speak, I speak generally; and I do certainly repeat, that the beauties of the mind are those, for which a sensible man should search, rather than the fleeting charms of person."

"But" said Caroline, pettishly, "Lady Anne is positively silly."

"Then, my dear," answered her father, "according to a rule, which I presume you understand, that two negatives, make an affirmative their family will be excessively wise."

"I'm sure," said Miss Crosby, "cousin William is any thing but silly."

"I am afraid so," answered her father; "and once feared—"

What, the reader must guess; for I am not at present enabled to tell him, since just at that moment a servant announced a visitor, Sir Mark Terrington, who had been admitted, and was actually in the library.

"Oh! the disageeable creature," said Caroline.

"How excessively inconvenient," exclaimed
Crosby.
ee him," observed Mr. Crosby.
hall," said the lady.
July," answered the hus-
whispered the wife.
d the daughter.
Mr. Crosby to the
Caroline,
father;
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ey are.

markable, that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn and by strangers."—Sterne used to justify the licentiousness of his humonr by representing it as a mere breach of decorum, which had no perilous consequences to morals. Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and, to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal."—"My dear good lady" replied the auther, "do not be gulled by such stories: the book is like your young heir there—(pointing to a child of three years old who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics)—he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in prefect innocence."

A great sensation has been produced at Greenwich by the death of Fanny Fetar, a girl of colour, 15 years old, who was in the service of Mrs. Mingnan, having been brought from India (where she was a slave) by that lady. An inquest has been held on the body, when it appeared by the evidence that the deceased had been treated with great severity by Mrs. Mingnan and her English servants, who accused her of being obstinate and sulky, and frequently beat her with a yard-measure, about the thickness of a finger. The neighbours often heard her groans. The girl had bad health in England, and grew worse as the weather grew colder. On the 11th instant she would not do some washing which her mistress had ordered her to do, and she was locked up in a damp out-house for two hours and a half, the servants dragging her to it through the snow, without shoes, and ill-cald. They took her out when they became alarmed at her appearance; and she soon after expired, before a doctor arrived. Her mistress in the mean time was entertaining a party of friends up stairs.—Several other acts of barbarity commited on the deceased by Mrs. Mingnan and her servants
were
Jury

in juries the assistance of *assessors* as to the probability of alleged facts and the value of evidence. It is obvious that natives will detect inconsistencies or improbabilities in testimony which, for want of a knowledge of customs, will wholly escape a foreigner; and setting all other considerations, aside, their aid in judicature will be highly beneficial, if only as interpreters of manners. Let us for a moment imagine England under the rule of Hindoos, and conceive the distress of seeing the administration of justice attempted by very well-meaning Pundits, who merely laboured under the disadvantage of utter ignorance of our habits of life. Surely a jury of Britons would in this case, if in no other, be allowed to have its convenience.

Such is the main benefit which Sir **Alexander Johnston** contemplates from the adoption of Juries in India; and we should regret to see his well-matured projects and benevolent and intelligent zeal in any degree thwarted by loosely-hazarded objections. He is a gentleman who combines acute observation with sound reflection, enlightened views with practical experience, and his suggestions are consequently entitled to more than the ordinary share of weight attaching to the opinions of one who has discharged the duties of a high judicial office.

Don Miguel and his suite, after having been so long detained at Plymouth, have at length sailed for Lisbon. Lord and Lady William Bentinck have also sailed from Plymouth.

For want of pre-arrangement, it is said that the kind of triumphal arch erected at Hyde Park corner, cannot form an entrance to the new Palace, the reservoir of water formed in the gardens standing directly in the way.—*Morning Paper.*

The nomination to the vacant Welch Judgeship, it seems, is not yet finally decided upon; there being four persons still named for it, viz. Mr. B. Montague, Mr. Bolland, Mr. Goulburn and Mr. Clarke.---*Morning Paper.*

We understand that the King has long laboured under a weakness in his legs, which renders him unable to walk, or to take the least exercise. Although the ancles are supported by steel springs, two gentlemen are obliged to aid him in rising from his chair, and then he cannot continue a minute in an erect posture without the greatest fatigue.—*Evening Paper.*

It is supposed that the King will, next week, leave the Royal Lodge, at Windsor, for St. James's where he will remain some days visit both the patent theatres, and the French per-
se. His
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the name of Mr Moore, in the title-page, for that of Mr Hunt.

We regret to learn that his Majesty, though without *evident* disease, is so weak in his lower extremities, that he is obliged to be lifted up in order to stand, and that he cannot remain in that position for more than two or three minutes.—*Morning Chronicle.*

We have it from good authority, that the Duke of Wellington stated to a friend that the expressions in the King's spech respecting Navarino, which provoked animadversion in Parliament, were previously objected to by his Majesty.—*Morning Chronicle.*

The Chief Justice of the Court of common Pleas is still confined to his house by the gout; and it is reported in Westminster hall that he has fully resolved to retire.

Spanish Concert at Guildhall.—This concert took place on Wednesday, and was highly successful. The musical arrangements under the direction of Sir George Smart and Mr. E. Taylor, were upon a scale of grandeur perhaps unprecedented. The number of instrumental and vocal performers amounted to 200. Among the singers were Madame Pasta, Mrs. Feron, Signora Brambilla, Miss Paton, Braham, Phillips, Cutioni, and Pellegrini; among the instrumental players, were Nicholson and Lindley. The concert commenced at twelve in the morning, and closed about four in the afternoon. There were about 1200 persons present, and the profit is supposed to be above 1000*l.*

At the Kirdale quarter sessions, on the 8th instant, Mr. Gill, a surgeon of Liverpool, was tried upon a charge of disinterring the body of Mary Harrison. Mr. Gill did not deny the facts, but confined himself to an ingenious and forcible appeal to the jury, on the advantages to humanity resulting from the use of subjects in anatomy. The Chairman charged the Jury that they had only to deal with the law of the case, and Mr. Gill being found guilty, was fined 30*l.*

The Duke of Mountrose has resumed
the office of Lord Chamberlain, occu
ring the last nine months by
Devonshire,

Count Munster's
sent him by the
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their way into the strong bo
list in question, who had prev
ed the whole of the money by le
without continuation till the accou

On the 9th instant, an in
Henrietta street, Brunswic
body of Mr Henry Neele
author of the "Romance
Mr Harding, surgeon, of
found deceased on Thursday m
his bed quite dead, with his throat
to ear. The deceased lived with
three sisters, and a brother, in Hun
On the Wednesday previous, with
his company, and he then appeared s
his conduct, and altered in his m
R. E. Chapman, a barrister, and
uncle, said that the deceased, on
day before, told him he was
because he could not pay a certai
a bankrupt estate. Finding on i
this opinion was occasioned by an ab
mind, (for the bankrupt's accounts had
tisfactorily settled, with a balance left
Mr Chapman begged Mr Neele's fri
leave him alone Witness believ
literary pursuits had disordered his
Miss Neele, sister of the deceased
on the Wednesday night, her brothe
agitated that he could not read prayers
to the family. He was quite so
Stirling, the Coroner, observed that th
trophe had evidently been occasioned
nerves being injured from too intent an
cise of his imaginative powers.—Verdict,
sanity."—Mr Neele was of middle age, s
in stature, amiable and inoffensive in manne
No man apparently enjoyed life greater with zest.

When Marshal Blucher returned from London into Germany, he made a forthnight's stay at Frankfort on-the-Maine, where the people pressed daily to see him, as well as his carriage, a coach accommodating four persons, whic
Buonaparte, an
wa

in the hearing of rival beauty who cannot boast of the "Milanie foot of fire." He may, too, if there is an opportunity, insinuate that the foot of the blue-stocking Lady Sapphira Sapphic, is like a foot of the heroic measure, (meaning a Life-guardsman's;) this will not displease them, for they utterly abhor Lady Sapphira, because, at her last rout, her footmen squeezed into her room a thin young gentleman, and thereby had a majority of one over the number crammed in at the rout of the Countess, their [illegible]ther, the preceding evening. To hand old ladies to their sedans on court-days, and be as patient as Penelope in compressing them and their hoops into them. To quadrille with young ones, if a younger lord has not come to his time. To sit seriously, and at ease, with battered beauties and decayed dowagers, in winter evenings, and look as if he had never been happier; and, if possible, remember the best days of the dowagers, and forget when the Honourable Miss Tittermouth combed her own hair, and giggled among her own teeth. To wait on lovely countesses at Almack's between the dances; and serve lemonades, ices, and jellies, with a page's precision, and a prince's politeness, of back and body. To say handsome things to the ordinary Miss Honourables; and look unutterably handsome things at the beautiful ones. To shop with them at the jeweller's once in a way, and admire their taste when they prefer French *fillagree* to English reality and sterlingness. At the opera, to cry "bravo" for weak-voiced, elderly lords, when Fanny Ayton sings; and clap no louder than the same when fairy-footed Brocard dances. These are his principal amusements, and, altogether, they make up a very harmless sort of *nice* being, to which one can no more object than to honey and bread for breakfast, honey and biscuit for luncheon, honey and French roll for dinner, honey and ladies'-fingers for tea, and honey and gingerbread for supper.'

TALKERS.

'The most common class of talkers is composed of Babblers. There are several varieties of these; but the most disagreeable is the Long-tongued Babbler. One of them is sufficient to set a whole village at war, or disturb the peace and sacredness of virtuous privacy. Rather than be silent, he will wound his dearest friend with a tongue, which, like Laertes's foil poisons where it touches—and even him who uses it. From this sort of talker you learn the origin of Miss A.'s finery, and Miss B.'s *faux pas*; the rise of Mr. C.'s wealth, and the state of Mr. Dr.' embarrassment, &c.'

'Another variety is the *Dull* or Harmless Babber. This is a talker in his turn and out of his turn—in season and out of season; and yet has nothing to communicate. Yes—you may learn from him that it rained yesterday; and that it is not impossible that it may rain to-day. He is Francis Moore's counterprophet: the one foretells when showers will fall—the other registers their descent.

'The next in succession are the Small-talkers. These are tea-table appendages, who sometimes hang by the sinister bend of ladies' elbows; and are usually "prim, puss-gentlemen," all prettiness and pettiness. Ceaseless tonguers of "words of no tone," they lisp, or cultivate some delicate mispronunciation of one of the four-and-twenty letters, or of a few well-selected syllables. They have a chicken's perseverance in picking up the smallest grain of chaff of tea-table intelligence, and are not greedy in keeping it to themselves:—no,—you may have their second-hand nothings at less than they cost. Their intelligence is as a stewed frog in an Ontario of broth—as one dew-drop in the decert of Arabia,—or as an inaccessible [illegible] a sea [illegible] months sail;—you may steer round it, and by it, and never touch the land: it is a *Thule* beyond the *Ultima Thule* of mental navigation, and lies beyond the reach of any intellectual Cook or Vancouver: you think you descry it in the offing, and tacking, hope to drift on its shore; but when you really see it under your bow, you may coast round it, and cast out your grapple-anchor to hold-to, but you should as soon tie up your horse with a sun-beam, or get a will-o'-the-wisp to light you like a well-bred link boy to your lodgings, as make ground there.

'The third are Talkers of the objective class. Be your opinions what they may, however undeniable, correct, settled, or well-digested, they can object to them. They can find flaws in diamond-wit of the first-water; motes in the brightest rays of the mind; and beams in the eyes of Truth.'

'The fourth is the contradictory class. Let your opinions to-day be to the letter what their's were yesterday, and they instantly run an opposition-coach against you, upset you on the mudbank of their own opinions, and leave you sprawling and bespattered, to get up as you can. When you have run them to a stand on one point, and they find you are agreeing with them, and they cannot object to the matter of your opinions, they have still a resource left in objecting to the manner. You speak unaffectedly, and they censure you for mediocrity, plainness, and want of spirit: you talk on stilts, to be on a level with them, and then you presume too much for so young a man of so few opinions.

'A specimen of the fifth class is the Talker in exclamations. His conversation (if such it may be called) is all exclamation, like a German drama; and is made up of such jargonisms as Good-God! God bless me! Is it possible! Who would have thought it! You astonish me! Very shocking! Very pleasant, &c, &c.

'The sixth are the interrogative class. Their talk is all question: one might think that their tongues were shaped like an interrogation. You feel in conversing with one of these like a catechised charity-boy, when he is asked what his godfather promised *not* to do for him. Talk for an hour with one of these, and you will only hear from him such interrogatory affirmations as these:—"And so Jones is well?—and Johnson's married?—and you really prefer Pope to Pomfret?—and you seriously deny that Cobbett is the author of "Junius?"—and affirm that Dr. Watts did *not* write "Fly not Yet?"

'The seventh and most insufferable class are the exclusive Talkers. One of these will undertake to talk for all the persons present. If you impatiently throw in a word, it is like flinging a stone into a current; it disturbs and cannot impede it, but rather impels it still faster onwards: or it is like striking a spark into a barrel of gunpowder—a fresh explosion of words spreads a hubbub and confusion all around. Though he tells you every thing you already know, you cannot tell him any thing that he does not know. He can tell you what a new book contains that is to come out next Tuesday, as well as if he was himself Wednesday; or anticipate the merits of a great picture on the easel. If you mean to see the new tragedy, he has seen it, and he destroys all the delight you anticipated in its newness, by repeating its best points, and unravelling its plot. If you set out with an anecdote, he snatches it out of your mouth, as a covetous dog would a desired bone from his best companion and dearest puppy-friend, and tells it for you.'

'If you commence a favourite quotation, he takes up the second line, goes on with it, and ends by quoting twice as much as you intended: this invariably leads him to recollect another poem by the same author, which no doubt you have heard, but which somebody else, who is present, would perhaps like to hear; and then he begins it without further prelude, and you may if you please go to sleep *ad interim*, if you have no fear of his reproach for want of taste before your eyes to keep them open. You have been to Paris, and he informs you of your expenses on the road; or you are going to Scotland, and he narrates most pathetically the miseries of a German inn. Of all talkers these are the most insufferable.'

'There are several other classes, which I shall notice in brief. The slow Talkers, as tedious as the *te deum*; the quick Talkers, sudden as a postman's knock, and not always as full of information; the loud Talkers, to a nervous man as agreeable as the din of a dustman's bell, or a death-knell in November; and the Talkers about taste, whose language is of no country, but is a jargon of all countries, and consists of parrot like repetitions of *virtu, gusto, tout-ensemble, contour, chiaroscuro*, Titianesque bits of colour, Turnerian crispness and clearness, Claudean mellowness, Tintoretto touches, &c. &c., affected term on term, to the degrading of Taste into a chaotic cant of words.'—*The Atheneaum Jan.* 16.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. II.

Mr. Jeffrey and The Edinburgh Review

THE 'Edinburgh Review' is now chiefly known as a political pamphlet of great talent, published once a quarter. The gold and azure of its dawning gives us the promise of three or four solid calculating articles on history and political economy, a paper of pleasant jokes against the Tories, and perhaps, a few pages of scandalous chronicle on the sins of our great grandmothers, with some gentle gossip about modern science and the Society for Useful Knowledge. It was not always thus. The time has been when not only the dealers in political small-talk, but the whole mass of literary feeling and opinion, and no trifling portion of what is called the religious public, were disturbed and startled by the successive charges of these Edinburgh Light-[illegible] in their sky-blue uniforms, and yellow facings.

What we have to say upon the causes of this change must be merely incidental, as the main subject of the present paper is the mental character of Mr. Jeffrey, the boldest and most bustling of these redoubted cavaliers.

Mr. Jeffrey's name first became known as that of an anonymous critic (anonymous to the world in general, from the omission of an avowed name to his articles, but sufficiently known to all the literary circles of Europe). He came into li[illegible] with the kind of cleverness and the degree of self-confidence, naturally produced by co[illegible]ict only with men of his own age and sta[illegible], in literary and debating societies. In the[illegible] he had found little to call out the higher [illegible]wers of the mind, or the nobler moral cap[illegible]ities; among very young, and not very lear[illegible]d men, he can scarcely have encountered [illegible]tagonist over whom he could not triu[illegible] in appearence, by his ready and [illegible]ibility, and the resources o[illegible] rather flipant, fancy. I[illegible] was, [illegible]ira-bly qualified to be [illegible]e Editor of a new Review. His profusion of plausible language would enable him to supp[illegible]y with ease and decency any accidental [illegible]eficiency of matter; his levity in the tr[illegible]tment of grave subjects would make them amusing, if not instructive, to the meanest c[illegible]acity; and the careless impudence of his e[illegible]torial colouring was excellently calculated to lend the appearance of conscious super[illegible]ity even to the blunders and inanities of his [illegible]sociates.

The Review acc[illegible]dingly appeared, and bore in every line the [illegible]ces of Mr. Jeffrey's superintendence. Airy [illegible]idicule, or solemn banter, the declamatory ru[illegible] the decisive dogma, the s'y half-masked in[illegible]endo, all and each were employed alternate[illegible] or together; so that the sufferings of au[illegible]ors, and the applauses of the public, were [illegible]ually obvious and unprecedented. No single [illegible]ook probably ever made so decided and general a sensation. It is not wonderful that a knot of young men, reeking from the pleasurable exertions of debating societies, and the delight of mutual applause, should have been led into taking that tone of decision and defiance which is the main secret of their first success. It is still less to be marvelled at, that the shouts and gratulations of the whole mob of literature should have urged them to still bolder enterprises. Least of all, will a wise man be surprised at the triumph of the Edinburgh Reviewers, when he considers the state of the public mind to which they addressed themselves, and the nature of the instruments they used.

Mr. Jeffrey appeared before the world at a time when the minds of men were all afloat; not indeed resolutely bent, as at the period of the Reformation, upon a voyage of discovery; but wandering at the will of the breezes and the billows, and now and then unconsciously following for a moment the guidance of some self-appointed pilot, or the course of some hidden current. In politics, the overpowering interest and frightful nearness of the French Revolution, had destroyed men's belief in principles, and absorbed their anxiety in the contemplation of mighty and terrible events. The aristocracy of this country, moreover, had felt or thought themselves in such imminent peril, that they had exerted all their influence over the public mind; and, by the aid of newspapers and debates, political dinners, and bloody battles, had succeeded in making every appearance of sympathy with the people, or attempt at speculation on the theory of government, in the highest degree unpopular and unfashionable. The 'Edinburgh Review,' accordingly, instead of opposing itself to an anti-revolutionary horror, which though just in itself, was then carried infinitely too far, assumed and held for several years a high aristocratical and monarchical tone of opinion. This was only modified by its becoming the tool and organ of a party. The political discussions of the 'Edinburgh Review' have thus been always based upon the narrow system of a particular sect; and we doubt whether it has ever contained a single article tending to enlarge or exalt men's views of the social interests of their species.

In criticism, before Mr. Jeffrey became notorious for his attempts to philosophize upon poetry, this country had been fed upon such weak and mawkish spoon meat, that it is no wonder we did not for some time discover how really vague, unsubstantial, and unsatisfactory were the speculations of this celebrated author. Any one who looks back to his writings from the vantage ground on which we now stand, will readily perceive that, under a considerable appearance of freshness and novelty, and of tendency to look at poetry in connection with the nature of the human mind, instead of with the rules of the critics, there is really to be found little more than an elaborate attention to details, a wish to conciliate the appearance of originality with a real determination to oppose no popular prejudice, and a want of any fine discrimination between the essential characteristics of great authors. His disgraceful obstinacy in depreciating Wordsworth, and exaggerated the merits of various men of undeniable elegance of mind, but of no creative power whatsoever, is lamentable proof of wilfulness and prejudice. He has given us no tolerable estimate of the merits of any living poet, except perhaps Mr. Moore, whom his mind is exactly calculated to appreciate. In this case, the want of profoundness, both, of thought and feeling, in the critic, becomes of less importance, from the absence of any thing in the poet on which it could be exercised; while all Mr. Jeffrey's liveliness, prettiness, and neatness of mind, are brought into full play by the corresponding qualities in the object of his admiration.

But if we had time to enter into a detailed examination of the indications which Mr. Jeffrey has given of his metaphysical, moral, and religious opinions, we should have to lead our readers through a long and grave discussion of matters at present, we fear, very unlikely to suit the taste of general society. The whole structure of Mr. Jeffrey's mind is eminently French, and the only books in the higher departments of speculation for which he seems to feel a thorough liking, are the works of French philosophers. It is a singular illustration of the spirit of the times, that while this is undeniably true, he should yet have been one of the most earnest champions for the strength and freedom of our elder poetry. Nevertheless, the whole tone of his writings seems to us to be redolent of fondness for the solemn flippancy and sparkling common-places which abound in the works of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvetius. His philosophy is, like theirs, of the stamp which brings every thing from without, and sees in the human mind nothing more precious or powerful than an empty receptacle for those dead forms which are borne in upon it by the external world. We have not at present the opportunity of following out all the conclusions as to his mind, which may be derived from this principle, and which are verified in every page of his writings. But we have no doubt that it is very closely connected with the absence of all warm moral enthusiasm, the contempt for all plans of wide political amelioration, and the recourse for the elements of human virtue, not to any native strength or high aspirations within us, but to subtle calculations of consequences, whereby he would substitute for the definite and unchangeable rule, that the right is always the expedient, the maxim of the knave and the fool, or rather of that compound of both—the sophist, that the expedient is always the right.

The only virtues which have been much insisted upon by Mr. Jeffrey, as far as we remember, are goodnature and family affection. These are, doubtless, excellent things, and we very sincerely believe that Mr. Jeffrey is himself a conspicuous and most amiable example of the qualities which he delights to honour in his writings. But how small a portion are they of all which is demanded from us by God, our consciences, and society; and how much may a man be distinguished for what is commonly called goodnature, and for the fulfilment of ordinary domestic duties, without ever dreaming of accomplishing a tithe of that good, which is within the reach of every one. Humility, self-denial, vigorous unceasing exertion for the benefit of others,—these are duties imposed upon every man. Instead of this, the 'Edinburgh Review' has exhibited to us, under Mr. Jeffrey's guidance, the wanton indulgence in a most criminal vanity, at the expence of the reputation and feelings of authors, of all the moral delicacy of its readers, and very often of truth on the part of its writers. It scarcely contains a page which does not attempt to depress, either by contemptuous silence, grave argument, or flippant ribaldry, every emotion and principle that spreads itself beyond the narrow circuit of our external and personal interest. And almost all the men of our day who have attempted to widen the petty confines of our formor intellectual and moral domain, however they may have been different in other respects, yet have been uniformly treated with the same contempt by Mr. Jeffrey. Lessing, Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth,—there probably are scarcely any names connected in our memories with systems and peculiarities so discordant,—and by what singular combination of circumstances is it, that Mr Jeffrey has united his reputation, whatever it may be, with the recollection of his abuse, or at least contempt of these men, who are among the wisest and the greatest of our age? To them the evil is nothing, for their glory, and their usefulness are nourished in a far different atmosphere from that of declaimers and reviewers, and ephemeral ribaldry. Their fame has already become a part of the empyrean galaxy, whence they shed upon the dusty pathways of this work-day world a consolatory influence and holy dew. The sting and bitterness are all reserved for the writer who has corupted his own mind to such vile uses, and perverted to such widely mischievous ends that instrument, so powerful for good or for evil, with which his hands were intrusted. The real misery is for him, and for those of his readers who may have imbibed from him any portion of that scornful and careless indifference to all that is most profoundly important in man's nature; which, in almost any age but ours, would have broadly marked out from all his contemporaries the Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

In fine, the peculiarities of Mr. Jeffrey's mind appear to us to be extremely prominent and well defined. He has little of genial and joyous wit, absolutely nothing of pure imagination, very little of the power of abstraction, but a good deal of ability for sarcasm and repartee, a graceful and glittering fancy, a singular talent for clear distribution and lively illustration, and a very vivid apprehension of the outward and formal differences of minds so superior to his own, that he has never been able to conceive their earnestness, strength, and majesty. And here, in fact, consists his essential incapacity to be an instrument of any wide and permanent good; that he has felt within himself so feeble and casual an action of those nobler moral and religious propensities which are the glory and consummation of our nature, as to be utterly incapable of flinging himself boldly and decidedly, and with an utter sacrifice of merely personal objects, into any high and unfrequented path of exertion; and, as is especially remarkable in his attempts to estimate the rarer and mightier spirits of our age, he seems to have a mind as hard and dead as the nether mill-stone to the impression of that highest order of genius, which alone offers us a subject of study uniformly pregnant and inexhaustible.—*January* 23.

POETRY.

(From Allan Cunningham's new Romance of Sir Michael Scott.)

"THE SONG OF SIR JAMES.

"The grass of Flodden's ruby red,
That late so greenly grew;
The sweet lark's foot is wet with blood
Instead of silver dew.
For Howard's arrow flight has flown,
And in their fleet career,
His steeds have trod o'er Scotland's strength,
And broke her deadly spear.

"I sing, and while I sing I sigh!
For had these gallant men,
Whose life's-blood stains the river red,
Whose bodies choke the glen,
Been sagely ruled, as bravely led,
Yon moon above us hung,
Another sight had seen, and I
A happier song had sung.

"The sword has smote, the shaft is flown,
The victor's cry is cry'd;
More sad is he who basely lives,
Than he who bravely died,
I'd rather lie like Lindsay sped,
Have Douglas' bloody brow;
Or share stout Maxwell's grassy bed,
Than be as I am now.

"I fought where Surrey's shafts flew thick,
Where rose fierce Selby's cry;
Where Dacre rush'd, and Stanley charg'd,
And yet I could not die.
Farewell to Scotland's pleasant land,
And to its lovely dames!
To lordly lance and knightly brand,
So sings he, sad Sir James."

[*New Times Dec.* 3.

THE PLEASURES OF WINTER.

From the Posthumous Papers of a Person about Town

'Winter, by the frivolous, is not considered a period of pleasure; but, to minds of rational [illegible] deep, reflection, sublime [illegible] investigation. It is a time [illegible]ection; hope of the delights [illegible] and recollection of those we [illegible] other seasons. It is in winter [illegible] the recollected pleasures of summer, [illegible]y them more than when they lay [illegible], and hung on branches within the [illegible] hand; for it is then that they revive [illegible]ories with more warmth of colouring, and [illegible]y of appearance, than they actually [illegible]n we might have enjoyed them.

'Wi[illegible]ter is the season of domestic delight—or social[illegible]y—of fire-side enjoyment—of twilight musing—of that mild melancholy which whispers us of the coming winter of our lives, mixed with the cheerful hope that we have yet some delicious days to call ours, ere the May of our being falls into "the sear and yellow leaf," and its autumn dies in the lap of winter. To the inhabitant of the southern countries,—to the Frenchman, who is never happy but when at his door, or out of it,—to the Spaniard, who loves his noon-siesta under olive-shades, and the light bolero and lively click of the castanet at evening, on the sun-burnt grass at his door,—to the water-surrounded Venetian, with his wind-admitting lattices and fireless halls, it is indeed a "drerie season;" but to the Englishman, with his sea-coal fire, home-born happiness, cleanliness and comfort, it is the most enjoying period of the year.'

'Let an Englishman have his warm fire, and warmer friends—his old faces, old wines, old books, old songs, old habits, old slippers, and the world may swing on its hinges which way it will, and the Dutch take Holland all the year round. For my part, (if I may be allowed to descend from generals to particulars—and I shall take the authority of merry Montaigne, and the license of the day, as my permit,) it is the sole wish I have now in life, to retire from this bustling world to the quiet corner of a suburban cottage, from whence I might behold that many-headed monster, the town, at a distance, hear it faintly roar, and feel that it could no longer break up the quiet of my mind and flutter whole coveys of winged ideas away, as the haughty Roman fluttered the feeble Volscians at Corioli; no longer make me fear its temptations, and regret its ill-apportioned riches and poverty, its waste and want.

'Winter is with many (and it should be with all who have to give) the season of charity, of compassion for the poor, and of active relief of their necessities. The hand which bestows may then be cold, but the heart which prompted it to give is warm as the sultry Ind; the inner man growing warmer in proportion with the coldness of the external man. It is not here that I would apostrophize the Howards who are dead; but I may be privileged to suggest, that there is no one thing which adds to the warmth of a winter fire so much as the feeling, that we have made the hearth of the needy bright with comfortable coals, and the bed of the afflicted warm with winter wools.

'Winter is, besides, the season of literary enjoyment. It is then that the old book seems new; and the new one, if it is worth treasuring, may then be born again, to live to a good old age in our recollection.

'These are the general pleasures of Winter. We will now glance at the particular pleasure of a day in winter, and first describe those of the morning. Let us suppose that we rise from a refreshing sleep, undisturbed by the howling of the winds, which flapped their ineffectual wings against our chamber-shutters,—the turbulence and war without only rendering more silent and slumberous the peace within. We descend to the breakfast parlour, where the first look which meets ours is an old and warm one,—one which is ever young, with its bright smile, (like an aged friend with a warm heart,)—I mean, a winter fire. A sea-coal fire is the domestic sun of winter, and 'makes a sunshine in' what would be without it 'a dreary place;' and, like the sun of summer, it has its flowers too, which, perhaps, the eyes of warm imaginations only can behold, but which glow under its influence and genial heat, and bloom daily; till their more visible brethren of the spring come smiling back from the east, and the seasons move over the green earth, flinging from their laps "the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

'The next feeling which strikes us with a sense of complete comfort, and induces that rubbing of the hands, by which men throughout the world (though they differ in manners, language, and their conceptions of comfort) so naturally express inward satisfaction at outward circumstances,—is the welcome sight of the breakfast-table laid out for the immediate appetite, if we are hearty enough to have it; and the expected one, if we are patient enough to wait for it. If we are pale students,—lone, unblest bachelors,—this is a pleasing "sober certainty of waking bliss." But if we are happy enough to be married, there is a sight still more pleasurable,—that of a handsome 'shining morning face,' meeting our smile of freshness with one more beautiful, our morning salutation with two or three words of endearment, half drowned in the music of that finest of all the stringed instruments, a woman's heart, like pearls dissolving in nectar.'

'Or are ye men of leisure about town? There are a thousand ways of plucking the grey hairs from the head of Winter. There are Museum, the British in particular, in itself a winter of amusement, of admiration, of grandeur and glory: with its noble fragments of Grecian art, its athletic Theseuses, and beautiful Ilissus, the Father-parents of English Theseuses and Illissuses yet unborn. Then there are galleries of paintings, private and public; the Leicester and the Stafford, private yet public; and the West collection, public yet private, for few of the "*discerning* public" see their way there. But if you are of those who love and follow the idle businesses of life more industriously and devotedly than its real and proper business, of all its most delicious hours which are melted down to moments, those which are dissolved in the few resorts of Taste and the Arts are perhaps the noblest, the fleetest, and the best. A "drop in," as it is called, at Colnaghi's, is as pleasing a "fall of man" as we have heard of and tried; and is considerably more independent, in all its circumstances, than an ill-timed dinner "drop in" upon a doughtful friend, just five minutes after the exit of the salt. It is, indeed, cozily agreeable, when the whether is cold as Chastity used to be, and it is quite a Lapland kind of luxury to met with an old friend who looks warmly on one. We candidly confess that we love, better than frying or frisking with grasshoppers in the burnt meadows of summer, (though they lick shrill castanets in a very lively Spanish sort of spirit,) in the short days of winter to stretch our whole length originals in the comfortable picture-shaded shop, or rather cabinet, we have just mentioned; and there wile the wintry hours away, in almost the very presence of all the great and the little, of the past and the present. There are found portfolios of men of all ranks, reputations, sentiments, affections—the most various and varying, the most opposite and opposing—all mingled in that harmonious communion with each other, which only death, the great peace-maker, can bring about. It is pleasant, too, to think that the more lenient hand of Art sometimes succeeds in allaying all their quarrels, as with a charming-rod, bringing literary, political, and personal enemies together, and laying them cheek by cheek with each other "in rest and quietness"!

'Here Johnson looks Herrick (the Horace, Catullus, and Anacreon of England) in the face, whom he vilely neglected for the psalm singing Sprat; there Pope eyes the men he scourged in his Dunciad, and does not seem to dread the horse-whipping he deserved in return; there good-natured Goldsmith smiles upon Colman the First, as if he had forgiven him the private predamning of his "right merrie comedie;" there Savage shows like a civilized gentleman; and Otway does not want bread, if you may judge by the comely plenitude of his cheeks, and the cleanly perspicuousness of his lavendered linen; there Voltaire looks Shakspeare in his wiser and more human-natured face, without sneering in it; and there Chatterton, he.

"Who fled in youth from out the bounds of time,
Since nothing here was equal to his thought"

looks Horace Walpole in the face, as wildly as if he had not yet forgiven him the cruelty of his neglect.

'Imagine us, gentle reader, if thou hast leisure to do it, seated at our ease in such a silent repository as this, where the living dead, and the dead living, are as it were entombed in massive folios, and preserved awhile from the defacing fingers of Time. It is here we may 'forget ourselves to' *connoisseurs*, and unguardedly chat, careless of the consequences of our presumption, of good taste, and its beauties and agreeableness; of bad taste, and its affectations. Let us, then, with learned finger and thumb, (which have lifted, in their time, more men of weight than blind Sampson in his dying strength threw down,) explore and turn over these unbound sheets of the great volume of Nature's works—these fallen leaves of the tree of life. And having enjoyed either of the luxuries of taste we have pointed out for the enjoyment of all, we may be said to have passed a winter morning delightfully, if not usefully!

'And now arrives the time of tapers and tea. In that pleasantest hour of a winter day, it is as well to have some friendly faces on the warm side of the tea-table, whom you can ask, without any affectation or man milliner mincing, whether your hyson is to their taste—your toast or muffins to their minds; and whether, in your excessive consideration of their comfort, they can bear a few more coals on what is already an ox-roasting fire. If one of the softer sex preside, it is then pleasant to have your tea sweetened to the taste of liquid honey from the over-bounty of her sugar-dispensing hand; and much more pleasant is it, to have your bachelor-sourness sweetened by her smile of affection and studiousness of attention. The same social poet has well described this fire-side delight:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

'This winter-pleasure being satisfactorily enjoyed, then come the after-pleasures of continued conversation, an hour at whist, and no more—for games should only vary and chequer the hours of the rational fire-sider's evening, not engross and fill them up, to the exclusion of all that is more elevating, wise, good, and immortal,—such as music, selected from Mozart, for its delicate voluptuousness and deep enjoyment; from Handel, for its sacred sublimity; from Winter, for its pathos; from Beethoven, for its power; from Sebastian Bach, for its sustained grandeur; from old Ford, for his "merry, merry month of May;"

"Songs and sonnets, and rustical roundelays,
Sung by shepherds, and whistled on reeds;"

from Matthew Locke, for the music of his Macbeth, which is worthy of that sublime tragedy; and from Purcel, Arne, Arnold, Dibdin, and Bishop, because they are fine musicians, and ought not to be neglected by Englishmen because they are English.'—*Jan.* 19.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TORYISM--FROM THE WRITINGS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE definition of Toryism is, that it is that feeling or turn of mind which refers every thing to custom or habit, and mistakes the sense of power for the sense of right and wrong. It has no conception that any thing is possible, but what has been, or that any thing can be wrong that has authority on its side. It has no measure of truth or reason, but prejudice, nor any notion of justice but servility. Let a thing be new, (though ever so true or good,) the Tory cannot make up his mind to it,—he abhors it—makes faces at it,—is now angry,—now laughs at the idea of it,—and there is no meanness, ribaldry, or malice, to which he will not resort to excite the same disgust and incredulity that he feels, for no other reason than that *he is deaf to reason!* On the other hand, let a thing be old, and likely to last for ever, and he will admire, applaud, and doat on it the more, the more unjust and hateful it is, for this only inspires him with a proportionable awe and servile fear. A Tory may be a poet, but no Tory can be a philosopher; for he has not even the capacity of conceiving an abstract proposition. As his conclusions have no principle of truth or justice to rest on, but mere prejudice and interest, so there are no means, however unfair, venal or contemptible, of which he will not avail himself to keep up the delusion in his own mind, or to impos[illegible] folly of mandind. A nick-name is th[illegible] *ultra* of Tory logic. Why? Becau[illegible] plies a strong degree of mechanical h[illegible] contempt, without assigning any rea[illegible] What any thing is in reality, or what [illegible] *to be* in justice, are questions alien [illegible] faculties; they only consider (from n[illegible] of understanding and from sordid s[illegible] what it *has been*, or how it can be [illegible] last, so as to plague the world, [illegible] themselves and their patrons. This [illegible] finition. Now for a few examples, [illegible] think, must be decisive of the point [illegible] 'AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY' cannot [illegible] contagion, who else can hope to be f[illegible]

I. 'Such was the celebrated c[illegible] which Pius VII. surrendered to [illegible] *whose name was five or six yea[illegible] unheard of in Europe*, those high[illegible] supremacy in spiritual affairs, whi[illegible] decessors *had maintained for so* [illegible] against the whole potentates of Eur[illegible]

This passage is very innocent, b[illegible] the habitual bias of the writer's mi[illegible] of things by putting back their date[illegible] they are to what they have been. [illegible] parte had forced the Pope to sig[illegible] cordat five or six years before, whe[illegible] was utterly unknown, it would [illegible] been something to wonder at; or if the Pope had still been what his predecessors were, it would have admitted of a question; but what Buonaparte had done in those five or six years, or what the Pope had lost in four or five centuries, is not here brought into the comparison. A battle is gained or lost in a twinkling; and Buonaparte did not want more than five or six years to fight as many battles, each almost decisive of the fate of a kingdom. It might as well be thought strange, that an author, whose real fame commenced with the publication of 'Waverley,' should, in five or six years' time, be considered equal to the oldest and greatest writers that ever lived. We judge of authors and conquerors by what they have done, not as we do of kings and nobles, by what they were destined to be before they were born.

II. 'The sentiments of the Princes of the Royal Family upon such a subject' (assassinating the First Consul) 'were becoming their high rank. They were resolved to combat Buonaparte's pretensions with open force, such as befitted their pretensions as head of the *chivalry* of France, but to leave to *Jacobins* the schemes of private assassination' (referring to a *royalist plot* to destroy him by the Infernal Machine).

In the first place, this is not true: but that is a trifle. There is a poetical truth or justice in it; it befits the high idea which the writer has of the rank of certain personages to admit nothing but what is flattering to them; or if there were any doubt on the subject, the phrase, *chivalry of France*, removes it. Who will connect any base associations with that high-sounding epithet? What fine romantic visions are not conjured up by the bare term; and who will be perverse enough to cavil at its application? At the mere suggestion, all Buonaparte's generals sink into baseborn clowns and plebeians; and though no feats of arms or of heroic endurance are on record, the blank is easily filled up with the magical word, *chivalry*. Servility exercises the same voluntary power of imagination as fiction. What we want is not the word that corresponds to the truth, but that enhances the imposture. There is a political as well as a dramatic illusion. Oh! poetry, what hast thou to answer for!

III. 'He inquired anxiously into abuses, and was particularly active in correcting those which had crept into the prisons during the Revolution, where great tyranny was exercised by monopoly of provisions and otherwise. *In amending such evils Buonaparte, though not of kingly birth, showed a mind worthy of the rank to which he had ascended.*'

It should seem then tha[illegible] common to those of kingly [illegible] quite as well without them[illegible] and attention to public affa[illegible] extraordinary in one who [illegible] help him to a throne. He[illegible] then proverbially men of t[illegible] This may be very courtly, [illegible] for the admission that B[illegible] good; but it is not hist[illegible] becomes of the *Rois Fa*[illegible] the *exception*, and not [illegible] to this *make-believe* [illegible] a king, without [illegible] nay, though [illegible] changelin[illegible] st[illegible] [illegible]ne.

IV. 'With a similar a[illegible] tention to the duties of h[illegible] parte founded plans for [illegible] cularly, with *Monge's* [illegible] the Polytechnic school, [illegible] many men of talent.'

We notice this, becau[illegible] the name of Monge is sp[illegible] the *é*, as Fouché's is [illegible] might be owing to carel[illegible] such technical points [illegible] affectation of ignoran[illegible] show contempt and sup[illegible] signify how the names [illegible] nounced. Monge off[illegible] the two first volunteers [illegible] in defence of their coun[illegible] fore, he is set down as [illegible] Fayette is sometime[illegible] Monsieur La Fayett[illegible]

[illegible] 'Author of Wa-[illegible] same) can ima-[illegible] by such puny in-[illegible] Suppose any one [illegible] Walter Scott, by way of [illegible] estimation, on whom [illegible] and debasement re-[illegible] which is not founded on [illegible]

[illegible] not at all on those [illegible] imagination, every one of these kings was [illegible] ter than the last; as the head of a state, the first was probably the best. Every thing is in Tory politics referred to the aggrandisement of the individual. A few leading characters, or prominent situations, are brought forward and decked out for dramatic effect: the people, the good of society, general principles, are thrown entirely in the back-ground, or only come in as chorus or mob. Such reasoning is essentially and demonstrably false. The imagination has not a stage large enough to rehearse politics in. According to it, the part is always greater than the whole; for the imagination embodies one, or a few individual objects, but it has no means of doing justice to a million, whose interests of rights can only be expressed by a general principle, for which the imagination has no language; and, therefore, in this language, (the language of poets and romance-writers, not of philosophers or historians,) the million is always sacrificed to the individual. This is the very essence of Toryism. *The Athenæum Jun. 5.*

DON MIGUEL–DON PEDRO–AND KING ALPHONSUS OF PORTUGAL.

THE chief class of amusements which, it appears, had been prepared to mark the reception of the Portuguese Prince in this country, were field sports, of which, it is understood, he is invited to partake up to the very eve of his embarkation. This selection of amusements certainly indicates a knowledge of the royal visitor's previous taste, which he seems to have retained after an absence of two years and a half from his native land. In Portugal, he was always considered as a kind of Nimrod; but, among other sports, he was fond of bull-fighting, and other diversion of this character.

The males of the Braganza family are all good horsemen: King John VI. was a superb rider, and in his youth, had excellent cattle; Don Pedro also rides in fine style, and, on a journey, has been known to tire out all his attendants. He is seldom seen in any other dress than high military boots; and few men spend so much time on horseback. He has had several importations of horses from England, and his favorite groom is an Englishman. Being an early riser, and taking an active part in the Government of his empire, the Sovereign of Brazil requires exercise, and this he takes on horseback, at particular hours, after the more important business of [illegible] will [illegible]

[illegible] Alphonsus IV., [illegible] of state, instead of attend[illegible] under deliberation, [illegible] of the particulars which [illegible] of his famous hunts. [illegible] who had listened with silent [illegible] at length rose up, and [illegible] King: [illegible] council-rooms were made [illegible] and deserts. When [illegible] in their recreations, [illegible] material injury [illegible] to certain ruin, [illegible] for diversions [illegible] of his duties. [illegible] cast, it is a season of deep reflection, sublime speculation, and close investigation. It is a time of hope and recollection; hope of the delights then in the germ and recollection of those we have possessed in other seasons. It is in winter that we enjoy the recollected pleasures of summer, and enjoy them more than when they lay about our feet, and hung on branches within the reach of our hand; for it is then that they revive in our memories with more warmth of colouring, and beauty of appearance, than they actually wore when we might have enjoyed them.

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'Winter is, besides, the season of literary enjoyment. It is then that the old book seems new; and the new one, if it is worth treasuring, may then be born again, to live to a good old age in our recollection.

'These are the general pleasures of Winter. We will now glance at the particular pleasure of a day in winter, and first describe those of the morning. Let us suppose that we rise from a refreshing sleep, undisturbed by the howling of the winds, which flapped their ineffectual wings against our chamber-shutters,—the turbulence and war without only rendering more silent and slumberous the peace within. We descend to the breakfast parlour, where the first look which meets ours is an old and warm one,—one which is ever young, with its bright smile, (like an aged friend with a warm heart,)—I mean, a winter fire. A sea-coal fire is the domestic sun of winter, and 'makes a sunshine in' what would be without it 'a dreary place;' and, like the sun of summer, it has its flowers too, which, perhaps, the eyes of warm imaginations only can behold, but which glow under its influence and genial heat, and bloom daily; till their more visible brethren of the spring come smiling back from the east, and the seasons move over the green earth, flinging from their laps "the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

'The next feeling which strikes us with a sense of complete comfort, and induces that rubbing of the hands, by which men throughout the world (though they differ in manners, language, and their conceptions of comfort) so naturally express inward satisfaction at outward circumstances,—is the welcome sight of the breakfast-table laid out for the immediate appetite, if we are hearty enough to have it; and the expected one, if we are patient enough to wait for it. If we are pale students,—lone, unblest bachelors,—this is a pleasing "sober certainty of waking bliss." But if we are happy enough to be married, there is a sight still more pleasurable,—that of a handsome 'shining morning face,' meeting our smile of freshness with one more beautiful, our morning salutation with two or three words of endearment, half drowned in the music of that finest of all the stringed instruments, a woman's heart, like pearls dissolving in nectar.'

'Or are ye men of leisure about town? There are a thousand ways of plucking the grey hairs from the head of Winter. There are Museum, the British in particular, in itself a winter of amusement, of admiration, of grandeur and glory: with its noble fragments of Grecian art, its athletic Theseuses, and beautiful Ilissus, the Father-parents of English Theseuses and Illissuses yet unborn. Then there are galleries of paintings, private and public; the Leicester and the Stafford, private yet public; and the West collection, public yet private, for few of the "*discerning* public" see their way there. But if you are of those who love and follow the idle businesses of life more industriously and devotedly than its real and proper business, of all its most delicious hours which are melted down to moments, those which are dissolved in the few resorts of Taste and the Arts are perhaps the noblest, the fleetest, and the best. A "drop in," as it is called, at Colnaghi's, is as pleasing a "fall of man" as we have heard of and tried; and is considerably more independent, in all its circumstances, than an ill-timed dinner "drop in" upon a doughtful friend, just five minutes after the exit of the salt. It is, indeed, cozily agreeable, when the whether is cold as Chastity used to be, and it is quite a Lapland kind of luxury to met with an old friend who looks warmly on one. We candidly confess that we love, better than frying or frisking with grasshoppers in the burnt meadows of summer, (though they lick shrill castanets in a very lively Spanish sort of spirit,) in the short days of winter to stretch our whole length originals in the comfortable picture-shaded shop, or rather cabinet, we have just mentioned; and there wile the wintry hours away, in almost the very presence of all the great and the little, of the past and the present. There are found portfolios of men of all ranks, reputations, sentiments, affections—the most various and varying, the most opposite and opposing—all mingled in that harmonious communion with each other, which only death, the great peace-maker, can bring about. It is pleasant, too, to think that the more lenient hand of Art sometimes succeeds in allaying all their quarrels, as with a charming-rod, bringing literary, political, and personal enemies together, and laying them cheek by cheek with each other "in rest and quietness"!

'Here Johnson looks Herrick (the Horace, Catullus, and Anacreon of England) in the face, whom he vilely neglected for the psalm singing Sprat; there Pope eyes the men he scourged in his Dunciad, and does not seem to dread the horse-whipping he deserved in return; there good-natured Goldsmith smiles upon Colman the First, as if he had forgiven him the private predamning of his "right merrie comedie;" there Savage shows like a civilized gentleman; and Otway does not want bread, if you may judge by the comely plenitude of his cheeks, and the cleanly perspicuousness of his lavendered linen; there Voltaire looks Shakspeare in his wiser and more human-natured face, without sneering in it; and there Chatterton, he.

"Who fled in youth from out the bounds of time,
Since nothing here was equal to his thought"

looks Horace Walpole in the face, as wildly as if he had not yet forgiven him the cruelty of his neglect.

'Imagine us, gentle reader, if thou hast leisure to do it, seated at our ease in such a silent repository as this, where the living dead, and the dead living, are as it were entombed in massive folios, and preserved awhile from the defacing fingers of Time. It is here we may 'forget ourselves to' *connoisseurs*, and unguardedly chat, careless of the consequences of our presumption, of good taste, and its beauties and agreeableness; of bad taste, and its affectations. Let us, then, with learned finger and thumb, (which have lifted, in their time, more men of weight than blind Sampson in his dying strength threw down,) explore and turn over these unbound sheets of the great volume of Nature's works—these fallen leaves of the tree of life. And having enjoyed either of the luxuries of taste we have pointed out for the enjoyment of all, we may be said to have passed a winter morning delightfully, if not usefully!

'And now arrives the time of tapers and tea. In that pleasantest hour of a winter day, it is as well to have some friendly faces on the warm side of the tea-table, whom you can ask, without any affectation or man milliner mincing, whether your hyson is to their taste—your toast or muffins to their minds; and whether, in your excessive consideration of their comfort, they can bear a few more coals on what is already an ox-roasting fire. If one of the softer sex preside, it is then pleasant to have your tea sweetened to the taste of liquid honey from the over-bounty of her sugar-dispensing hand; and much more pleasant is it, to have your bachelor-sourness sweetened by her smile of affection and studiousness of attention. The same social poet has well described this fire-side delight:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

'This winter-pleasure being satisfactorily enjoyed, then come the after pleasures of continued conversation, an hour at whist, and no more—for games should only vary and chequer the hours of the rational fire-sider's evening, not engross and fill them up, to the exclusion of all that is more elevating, wise, good, and immortal,—such as music, selected from Mozart, for its delicate voluptuousness and deep enjoyment; from Handel, for its sacred sublimity; from Winter, for its pathos; from Beethoven, for its power; from Sebastian Bach, for its sustained grandeur; from old Ford, for his "merry, merry month of May;"

"Songs and sonnets, and rustical roundelays,
Sung by shepherds, and whistled on reeds;"

from Matthew Locke, for the music of his Macbeth, which is worthy of that sublime tragedy; and from Purcel, Arne, Arnold, Dibdin, and Bishop, because they are fine musicians, and ought not to be neglected by Englishmen because they are English.'—*Jan.* 19.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TORYISM--FROM THE WRITINGS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The definition of Toryism is, that it is that feeling or turn of mind which refers every thing to custom or habit, and mistakes the sense of power for the sense of right and wrong. It has no conception that any thing is possible, but what has been, or that any thing can be wrong that has authority on its side. It has no measure of truth or reason, but prejudice, nor any notion of justice but servility. Let a thing be new, (though ever so true or good,) the Tory cannot make up his mind to it,—he abhors it—makes faces at it,—is now angry,—now laughs at the idea of it,—and there is no meanness, ribaldry, or malice, to which he will not resort to excite the same disgust and incredulity that he feels, for no other reason than that *he is deaf to reason!* On the other hand, let a thing be old, and likely to last for ever, and he will admire, applaud, and doat on it the more, the more unjust and hateful it is, for this only inspires him with a proportionable awe and servile fear. A Tory may be a poet, but no Tory can be a philosopher; for he has not even the capacity of conceiving an abstract proposition. As his conclusions have no principle of truth or justice to rest on, but mere prejudice and interest, so there are no means, however unfair, venal or contemptible, of which he will not avail himself to keep up the delusion in his own mind, or to impos[illegible] folly of mandind. A nick-name is th[illegible] *ultra* of Tory logic. Why? Becaus[illegible] plies a strong degree of mechanical h[illegible] contempt, without assigning any rea[illegible] What any thing is in reality, or what [illegible] *to be* in justice, are questions alien [illegible] faculties; they only consider (from n[illegible] of understanding and from sordid s[illegible] what it *has been*, or how it can be [illegible] last, so as to plague the world, [illegible] themselves and their patrons. This [illegible] finition. Now for a few examples, [illegible] think, must be decisive of the point [illegible] 'Author of Waverley' cannot [illegible] contagion, who else can hope to be f[illegible]

I. 'Such was the celebrated c[illegible] which Pius VII. surrendered to [illegible] *whose name was five or six yea*[illegible] *unheard of in Europe*, those high [illegible] supremacy in spiritual affairs, whi[illegible] decessors *had maintained for so* [illegible] against the whole potentates of Eur[illegible]

This passage is very innocent, b[illegible] the habitual bias of the writer's mi[illegible] of things by putting back their date[illegible] they are to what they have been. [illegible] parte had forced the Pope to sig[illegible] cordat five or six years before, whe[illegible] was utterly unknown, it would [illegible] been something to wonder at; or if the Pope had still been what his predecessors were, it would have admitted of a question; but what Buonaparte had done in those five or six years, or what the Pope had lost in four or five centuries, is not here brought into the comparison. A battle is gained or lost in a twinkling; and Buonaparte did not want more than five or six years to fight as many battles, each almost decisive of the fate of a kingdom. It might as well be thought strange, that an author, whose real fame commenced with the publication of 'Waverley,' should, in five or six years' time, be considered equal to the oldest and greatest writers that ever lived. We judge of authors and conquerors by what they have done, not as we do of kings and nobles, by what they were destined to be before they were born.

II. 'The sentiments of the Princes of the Royal Family upon such a subject' (assassinating the First Consul) 'were becoming their high rank. They were resolved to combat Buonaparte's pretensions with opon force, such as befitted their pretensions as head of the *chivalry* of France, but to leave to *Jacobins* the schemes of private assassination' (referring to a *royalist plot* to destroy him by the Infernal Machine).

In the first place, this is not true: but that is a trifle. There is a poetical truth or justice in it; it befits the high idea which the writer has of the rank of certain personages to admit nothing but what is flattering to them; or if there were any doubt on the subject, the phrase, *chivalry of France*, removes it. Who will connect any base associations with that high-sounding epithet? What fine romantic visions are not conjured up by the bare term; and who will be perverse enough to cavil at its application? At the mere suggestion, all Buonaparte's generals sink into baseborn clowns and plebeians; and though no feats of arms or of heroic endurance are on record, the blank is easily filled up with the magical word, *chivalry*. Servility exercises the same voluntary power of imagination as fiction. What we want is not the word that corresponds to the truth, but that enhances the imposture. There is a political as well as a dramatic illusion. Oh! poetry, what hast thou to answer for!

III. 'He inquired anxiously into abuses, and was particularly active in correcting those which had crept into the prisons during the Revolution, where great tyranny was exercised by monopoly of provisions and otherwise. *In amending such evils Buonaparte, though not of kingly birth, showed a mind worthy of the rank to which he had ascended.*'

It should seem then tha[illegible] common to those of kingly [illegible] quite as well without them [illegible] and attention to public affa[illegible] extraordinary in one who [illegible] help him to a throne. He[illegible] then proverbially men of ta[illegible] This may be very courtly, [illegible] for the admission that B[illegible] good; but it is not hist[illegible] becomes of the *Rois Fai*[illegible] the exception, and not t[illegible] to this *make-believe* [illegible] a king, without [illegible] nay, though [illegible] changeli[illegible] st[illegible] ne.

IV. 'With a similar a[illegible] tention to the duties of h[illegible] parte founded plans for [illegible] cularly, with *Monge's* [illegible] the Polytechnic school, [illegible] many men of talent.'

We notice this, becau[illegible] the name of Monge is spe[illegible] the *é*, as Fouché's is [illegible] might be owing to carele[illegible] such technical points: [illegible] affectation of ignoranc[illegible] show contempt and sup[illegible] signify how the names [illegible] nounced. Monge offe[illegible] the two first volunteers [illegible] in defence of their coun[illegible] fore, he is set down as [illegible] Fayette is sometimes [illegible] Monsieur La Fayett[illegible]

[illegible] not at all on those of [illegible] imagination, every one of these kings was better than the last; as the head of a state, the first was probably the best. Every thing is in Tory politics referred to the aggrandisement of the individual. A few leading characters, or prominent situations, are brought forward and decked out for dramatic effect: the people, the good of society, general principles, are thrown entirely in the back-ground, or only come in as chorus or mob. Such reasoning is essentially and demonstrably false. The imagination has not a stage large enough to rehearse politics in. According to it, the part is always greater than the whole; for the imagination embodies one, or a few individual objects, but it has no means of doing justice to a million, whose interests of rights can only be expressed by a general principle, for which the imagination has no language; and, therefore, in this language, (the language of poets and romance-writers, not of philosophers or historians,) the million is always sacrificed to the individual. This is the very essence of Toryism. *The Athenæum Jun.* 5.

DON MIGUEL–DON PEDRO–AND KING ALPHONSUS OF PORTUGAL.

The chief class of amusements which, it appears, had been prepared to mark the reception of the Portuguese Prince in this country, were field sports, of which, it is understood, he is invited to partake up to the very eve of his embarkation. This selection of amusements certainly indicates a knowledge of the royal visitor's previous taste, which he seems to have retained after an absence of two years and a half from his native land. In Portugal, he was always considered as a kind of Nimrod; but, among other sports, he was fond of bull-fighting, and other diversion of this character.

The males of the Braganza family are all good horsemen: King John VI. was a superb rider, and in his youth, had excellent cattle; Don Pedro also rides in fine style, and, on a journey, has been known to tire out all his attendants. He is seldom seen in any other dress than high military boots; and few men spend so much time on horseback. He has had several importations of horses from England, and his favorite groom is an Englishman. Being an early riser, and taking an active part in the Government of his empire, the Sovereign of Brazil requires exercise, and this he takes on horseback, at particular hours, after the more important business of [illegible] Such, we hope and trust, will [illegible] Don Miguel when he returns [illegible] what he has seen in Aus[illegible] England, he must be sensible [illegible] own education; nay, he [illegible] to recollect that his for[illegible] his dignity. [illegible] to be hoped he will not [illegible] and that, if he there [illegible]

(Continued in the Second Supplement.)

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SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25TH 1828.

(Continued from the Supplement.)

themselves, but which hunters alone know how to appreciate. If your Majesty wishes to remedy the wants of your people, and amend abuses, you will have humble and obedient subjects; and, if not,'—Here the King, roused by the last words, rose up, and angrily said, "If not, what then?' 'If not,' answered the Minister, in the same tone, "they will seek out another king for themselves.'

The King lost all patience, and, after expressing himself in the harshest terms, abruptly left the council-room. Shortly afterwards he returned to the board, more tranquil and compos- [illegible] s: 'I have felt the truth of [illegible] He who does not govern [illegible] ve subjects. Remem- [illegible] ceforth you will find [illegible] but Alphonsus, [illegible] is declaration, [illegible] reigns.

[illegible] UNNEL.

[illegible]

Three other men who, we, lament to state, have also perished, named George Evans, J. Long, and W. Seton, were at work at the lower boxes of the frame when the catastrophe happened.

To attempt to describe the consternation which existed among the workpeople would be superfluous. Each endeavouring to save his life, by his anxiety retarded the progress of his companion; and it was with the most miraculous difficulty that so many lives were saved. The noise created by the influx of the water was tremendous, and absolutely deafened the ears of those engaged at the base of the shaft; indeed, it was so powerful, that the water rose several inches above the level of the shaft, and absolutely reached the lodge itself. As soon as the alarm had reached the outside of the shaft, the malancholy tidings were immediately communicated to the Tunnel-office, and in a few minutes they were known through Rotherhithe. The consternation which prevailed amongst the wives and children of the workmen, and their anxiety to see their husbands and parents, were most afflicting.

In the midst of this distressing scence, out rushed a number of men in a state of great exhaustion, some carrying their fainting comrades, who were removed to the house of Mr. Timothy, the Spread Eagle, where they were brought to by restoratives. Mr. Brunnel, jun., was brought out with his ankle much in[illegible]ed by exer[illegible] to save the unfortunate m[illegible] [illegible]ished. That gentleman give[illegible] [illegible] choly [illegible] ns [illegible] no [illegible] ur- [illegible] 20 [illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible] fol- [illegible] are [illegible] lins

leaving a wife and two children; Thomas Evans, and W. Seton, single men; Jophtha Cooks, leaving six children orphans; and John Long, leaving a wife.

The bodies cannot be brought out till some portion of the water is drawn off. A meeting of the Directors of the Thames Tunnel Company took place on Saturday afternoon, which was attended by the Messrs. Brunel, who reported the extent of the mischief and the time and expence which would be incurred in remedying the same. This disaster, for a time, drove Mr. Brunnel, to a state of frenzy. He, however, now speaks confidently that he shall be able to overcome the accumulated difficulties which have presented themselves during the progress of the work, and though this event will retard its completion, he has no doubt of ultimate success.

The following letter was on Saturday laid before the Directors of the Thames Tunnel Company, which had been written by Mr. Brunel, jun., when suffering great bodily pain:—

"Saturday Morning, Jan. 12.

"I had been in the frames (shields) with the workmen throughout the whole night, having taken my station there at 10 o'clock. During workings, through the night, no simptoms of insecurity appeared. At six o'clock the morning (the u[illegible] time for shifting the men), a fresh set [illegible] men, came on to work. We began [illegible] k the ground at the west top con[illegible] frame. The tide had just then began [illegible] finding the ground tolerable quiet, [illegible] d, by beginning at the top, and [illegible] about a foot downwards, when, on [illegible] ground swel- [illegible] y burst through [illegible] followed in- [illegible] The rush was [illegible], on the spot where [illegible] ce, out of the frame (or cell), [illegible] stage, behind the frames. I [illegible] with the men, but upon the [illegible] water, I went into the next box [illegible] in order to command a better view of [illegible] ption; and seeing that there was no [illegible] lity of there opposing the water, I ordered [illegible] l the men in the frames to retire. All [illegible] retiring, except the three men who were [illegible] me, and they retreated with me, I did not [illegible] the stage until those three men were [illegible] the ladder of the frames, when they and [illegible] roceeded about 20 feet along the west arch [illegible] he tunnel; at this moment, the agitation of [illegible] air by the rush of the water, was such as to [illegible] guish all the light, and the water had gained [illegible] height of the middle of our waist, I was at [illegible] moment giving directions to the three men [illegible] what manner they ought to proceed, in the dark [illegible] effect their escape, when they and I were knock- [illegible] l down and covered by a part of the timber [illegible] age. I struggled under water for some time, [illegible] nd length extricated myself from the stage, and by swimming, and being forced by the water, I gained the eastern arch, where I got a better footing, and was enabled, by laying hold of the railway rope, to pause a little, in the hope of encouraging the men who had been knocked down at the same time with myself. This I endeavoured to do by calling to them. Before I reached the shaft, the water had risen so rapidly that I was out of my depth, and, therefore, swam to the visitors' stair—the stairs for the workmen being occupied by those who had so far escaped. My knee was so injured by the timber stage that I could scarcely swim, or get up the stairs; but the rush of the water carried me up the shaft. The three men who had been knocked down with me, were unable to extricate themselves; and, I am grieved to say, they are lost; and, I believe, also, two old men and one young man in other parts of the work."

An early meeting of the proprietors of the company will be called, and it will be for them to decide whether the work shall be prosecuted further or abandoned altogether.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

Mr. Gravat went down at three yesterday morning in the West India Dock diving-bell, to examine the extent of the opening, but from an unfortunate combination of circumstance, such as the shortness of the chain attached to the diving bell, the severe squalls, and the rapid flow of the river, he was unable to reach the precise spot which he was anxious to attain—that where the water broke in; and after an examination which of course must have been but transitory, he was raised up. The result of this examination was, that the fissure was by no means as great as that of last May; it was apparently perpendicular, and had not that sidelong inclination which made the other so formidable.

Last evening at five o'clock, it being then low water, another descent was made by Mr. Gravat, a new chain having been procured, and he then minutely examined the orifice, which he found to be of an oblong shape, extending from West to East, and in length about seven feet. It is quite perpendicular, and the ground on either side is perfectly sound, indeed so much so, that notwithstanding the strong current that must of course have accompanied the influx, it still remains unbroken. Mr. Brunel, senior, and Mr. Beemish, proposed going down last night at a late hour, the result of any discoveries they may make must for this day remain in the dark. Every exertion is making to remedy what has taken place. Bags of clay are prepared and about to be dropped down. The smaller raft which was prepared on the last calamity is now brought directly over the aperture, and a hole corresponding in size made through it, by which the filling will be completed. There is no doubt as to the ultimate success of this grand undertaking, if there be but funds to meet the necessary expenditure. The share-holders may be disheartened, but the workmen are not; and it is to be hoped that money for its completion will not be wanting. Yesterday, though Sunday, the workmen were all busy. The shaft throughout the day was repeatedly dragged for the bodies of those unfortunate men who are missing. None of them were found; and, as is probable, none will be until the aperture is stopped, and the water pumped out. The report of the chain of the divingbell breaking is false. The way in which it originated is this:—When the gentlemen, Messrs. Beamish and Gravat, were about descending, the latter wished to have the the chain lengthened, and with that view had several coils of rope attached to the machine. previous, however, to its being launched over the deck, he thought it necessary, as a precautionary measure, to ascertain whether or not the rope was sufficiently strong to answer the purpose; and on making the experiment with several men in the bell, it was found insufficient, and the rope snapped, but no accident occurred.

Some weeks since an accident occurred at the Thames Tunnell which excited great consternation. In the course of the night Mr. Brunel, jun, and some others engaged in superintending the work, were alarmed by a voice from the farthest part of the excavation, exclaiming, "The water! the water! Wedges and straw here!" This was followed by a dead silence. Those in attendance were at first paralysed by an apprehension that the men who were known to be at the spot from whence the voice was heard, had been overwhelmed by some disaster. Young Mr. Brunel, however, boldly pushed forward with others to ascertain what had happened, when they were overjoyed to find the men fast asleep, and all safe. They had fallen asleep from fatigue, and one of them made the exclamation when under the influence of a dream that the water was breaking in.

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